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#### THE READER'S DIGEST ASSOCIATION

Publication Office, Floral Park, New York

Editorial Office, Pleasantville, New York

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Published Monthly, 25c a copy; \$3.00 a Year

Two Year Subscription—\$5.00

*Address All Communications to The Reader's Digest Association  
Pleasantville, N. Y.*

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Entered as second-class matter Oct. 4, 1922, at the Post Office at Floral Park, N. Y., under act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1925, The Reader's Digest Association.

# The Reader's Digest

"An article a day" from leading magazines  
—each article of enduring value and interest, in condensed, permanent booklet form.

Vol. 5

JUNE 1926

Serial No. 50

## I Endured a Bull Fight

Condensed from Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan (May '26)

Frederick L. Collins

"TELEPHONE the Duke of Tovar," said Ambassador Moore to his secretary, "and see if he has an extra seat for the bull-fight."

My heart sank. I had tried bull-fighting the week before in Seville. And I had left within three minutes of the curtain's rise. I wasn't fainting. I left because I was angry—"rarin', tearin', swearin' angry"—at the whole Spanish nation for tolerating such an unspeakable exhibition of poor-sported butchery, and at myself for contributing even ten *pesetas* to such commercialized pandering to blood-lust and brutality.

Now? Well, American ambassadors to Spain have to go to bull-fights, and I, as an ambassador's guest, had to go too.

The fight was to be an especially good one. One of the men who stuck things in the bull received \$1200 for his afternoon's work. He does every time he "fights." His two colleagues—there are three principal "fighters" called *matadors*, and each kills two bulls per matinee—received \$750 and \$500. The *banderilleros*, whose job is to divert and enrage the bull by waving Emma Goldmans at him and sticking things in his back that look like Roman candles, were vouched for as good men, well paid by the bull-

fighting trust. And the *picadors*, those noble knights who don't care what happens to their blindfolded horses so long as they themselves escape, were said to be the pick of their hideous breed. In short, I went to the best fight that Spain could offer.

I sat through three hours of the acutest distress I have ever experienced. I saw six magnificent black bulls heartlessly harried, brutally treated, relentlessly killed. I saw 13 blindfolded horses, each unmindful of approaching fate, deliberately disemboweled. I saw 19 bloody carcasses dragged across the bull-ring to the exultant cheers of a blood-thirsty throng.

The Madrid bull-ring looks like a baseball park, except that it is round and sanded like a bar-room floor. Suddenly the gates opposite the royal box swing back, and the procession of gaily dressed participants advances to martial blares and welcoming howls. The *matadors* march in front. They are the "*toreadors*" of poetry and song. They make a fine showing in their silken small clothes, their colorful sashes, their broad black hats. Then the *banderilleros*. Then, the *picadors*—on their blindfolded horses.

The "bull-fight faces" of the Spanish women tell the story of what happens. Before the fight, they behave

like human beings. But when the whistle blows and the first bull rushes head down into the enclosure, femininity vanishes. Their features grow hard. They gloat. They belie and forswear their sex. They brutalize--like bulls.

The fight is on. Three or four of the helpless horses are backed up against the red fence which encircles the ring. The *picadors*, armed with long, thick spears, sit astride. The *banderilleros* drive the bull toward the nearest horse. The bull does not see the horse. He is too busy seeing red--the red flags of the quick-footed *banderilleros*. He chases his tormentors this way and that, but at every tack he comes nearer the waiting horse; until, suddenly, he becomes aware of his opportunity. He lowers his head. He charges. He kills.

The purpose of this butchery is to give the *picador* a chance to sink his heavy spear deep into the bull's back--starting the flow of blood which will ultimately sap the giant beast of his strength and render him harmless in the final "battle" with the *matador*. The horns of the bull rip and tear the flesh of the horse. The shaft of the spear sinks far into the vitals of the bull. But nothing, if the man is quick on the jump, scratches the dusky skin of the *matador*.

When the first horse is dead, the *banderilleros* divert the wounded bull to his next victim, and the next--until the weakening process has sufficiently progressed. In the meantime, ground-keepers have heaped sand on the bleeding carcasses and left them to lie throughout the fight. Sometimes the bull's aim is bad. The horse escapes with a torn side or a fractured shoulder. In such cases, he is led off limping, patched up, and used another day.

After two or three well directed thrusts of the *picadors'* spears, the bull is staggering and plunging in the center of the ring. But he is still too strong for the lordly *matador* to risk his hide in the final killing. The

beast must be further worn down and confused by the harrings of the *banderilleros*, who now advance upon him from all sides waving their red banners. The bull's sense of direction is nearly gone. The boldest of the *banderilleros* approaches, holding two beribboned barbs in his two hands. The bull charges the man, but the man sidesteps and, as the bull rushes by, stabs him in the back with his two javelins. This game, repeated over and over again, lasts until the *matador*, heroic figure of song and poetry, decides to risk his "salary arm" on the dying bull.

In the "good old days" of bull-fighting the contest was a fairly fair one. The *matador* was a comparatively lonely figure. He entered the ring dependent solely on his own unaided efforts; and when his opponent was just as fresh and strong as he was. He did the work which is now done by the *picador* and the *banderillero*; and at the risk of his own life. Today, the highly paid *matador* enters the bull-ring a million-to-one shot in a one-man race.

In most contests between man and beast, our sympathy is naturally with the man. We uprights must stand together! But when the *matador* advances in pride and strength to meet the weakened, befuddled bull, it is hard to tell which is the beast and which, if any, is the man.

The *matador* takes deliberate aim; plunges his sword hilt deep through the victim's shoulder to his heart; careens about the ring, bawing and throwing kisses to the cheering crowd. Gay charioteers now drag the strewn carcasses off to their final dump heap. Prosaic watering carts sprinkle the gory sand. Somewhere, behind the high red fence, another bull is waiting to be slain. Somewhere, a laughing group of fair-fighting Spanish "sportsmen" are bandaging the soft eyes of three more helpless horses. And somewhere, probably in the back room behind the box-office, another group of modern Borgias are gleefully counting the price of blood!



# Why We Behave Like Idiots

Condensed from The American Magazine (May '26)

Clarence Budington Kelland

A BOOK was written recently on why we behave like human beings. I have been more interested, however, in why most of us behave like idiots. For years, I've been wondering why folks who are not snobs behave like snobs; why folks who are not bullies behave like bullies; why persons of intelligence behave as if they were half-witted; why people who actually are charming continually conduct themselves as bores. In short, why do most of us seem to make special efforts most of the time to put our very worst foot forward?

And I believe I've hit on the reason: It is because we are *shy*. I've discovered that *everybody* is shy; and by that I don't mean *almost* everybody. And, ridiculous as it may appear, the brashest of us are often the shyest.

Everybody is a great deal more like everybody else than most of us imagine. We are shy; we are self-conscious; and we fairly ache with an "inferiority complex." I suppose the basis of this is each man's intimate personal acquaintance with himself. I know a heap about myself that nobody else does, and that I hope nobody ever will discover. I've watched my own processes, and you have watched yours, and each of us realizes that he isn't any great shucks after all. We have sized ourselves up, and marvel internally that we have got away with it. It is rather a miracle!

And thus we become self-conscious. We don't know the other fellow nearly so well as we know ourselves, and, consequently, we take him at his reputation value. And almost everybody we meet looms up bigger than he really is, for the simple reason that the consciousness of our shortcomings

magnifies him into someone bigger and nobler and smarter than we know *ourselves* to be. That's the answer.

We come into a room of strangers carrying the weight of our deficiencies. We remember them, and forget that the other fellow carries the same standard equipment. We know every person in the room is looking us over with supercilious eyes, and wondering how we got in. And so we behave like idiots.

We'll be deaf and dumb idiots, or laughing hyenas, or we'll gabble like a flock of frantic turkeys, or we'll "high hat" the assemblage. We'll behave like anybody except the ordinary selves that we really are. We are convinced we cannot say a word that will be of interest to anybody there, and that as soon as we open our mouths the company will grin behind its hands; and so we rarely *are* intelligent. Knowing ourselves as intimately as we do, we cannot comprehend how anybody can like us, or admire us, or be interested in our personality or our conversation.

Therefore, we daub ourselves with protective coloring, to save our self-respect and render us inconspicuous against our background. We assume characteristics foreign to our own, not to deceive other folks, but to bolster ourselves up. It is frightfully hard to believe any intelligent person is actually vain. How can any human being be vain? But we act as if we were vain, to hide our shyness. We assume a cold aloofness, so that the company won't see that we are scared to death.

We dislike most of the folks we do dislike because we don't know them. On Monday, we won't have anything

to do with John Smith because he's a nasty snob, and on Tuesday we make a pal of him, because his protective coloring has worn off with acquaintance and we see the John Smith underneath.

I believe we are all about equal mentally. I have come to that conclusion after a lot of observation. The profound genius and the most obscure man in town may seem to be widely different; but in intrinsic mental ability they are not so far apart. We're peas in a pod. None of us is so much better than anybody else that we dare grow cocky about it, and nobody is so much inferior to anybody else that he need be greatly ashamed.

A very aged lady once said to me, "Do you know what constitutes the chief joy of old age?" "No." "It is the disappearance of self-consciousness."

A friend of mine came home one day bubbling over with delight. He was quite some man in his line, which was writing books.

"Bud," he said, "I just met John Brown, the actor. Great man. About the biggest on the stage. Always wanted to know him; but I was aware that I didn't have a thing to offer him. Today we talked for an hour and he was fine. I haven't been so tickled in years."

Not half an hour afterward I saw the actor, and he remarked, "Say, Bud, I just met your friend Henry Jones the author. Now, there's a regular fellow, for all his wonderful ability. I've wanted to get acquainted with him for years, but didn't think he'd be interested in me. Why, we talked for an hour and we're going to lunch together Friday!"

Now, think that over. Two men at the top of their professions, held back by diffidence from cultivating each other. Isn't it ridiculous? Think of all the splendid friendships such foolish shyness has prevented. It isn't natural for the ordinary run of folks to be mean or disagreeable. People

are naturally kindly, and pitifully hungry for friendship.

But, you say, what are we to do about our shyness? Well, the first thing to do is to realize it! Self-consciousness wears off with practice. It's just a question of sticking to it. Furthermore, everybody needs a touch of flattery—just enough to make him believe he is almost as good as he is. If any of us could become convinced of our actual abilities and potentialities and charm and what-not, the trick would be done. Sane self-appreciation is death to self-consciousness.

An ancient philosopher said, "Know thyself." He didn't say underestimate yourself or overestimate yourself. If you will size yourself up in relation to other folk, you will find that you are quite a respectable person. Everybody is, with the exception of a few folks here and there. And self-respect is the antidote for shyness. How can anyone be shy if he knows he is worthy of the respectful consideration of anyone with whom he comes in contact?

Everybody is interesting, because everybody is a little universe and a mystery to everybody else. Just bear that in mind. One splendid way to cure your own shyness, when you are with some new acquaintance, is to try to cure *his* shyness. He is as ill at ease as you are. Well, put your best foot forward to do him the gracious courtesy of putting him at his ease. Think about his plight and not about yours. Very shortly you will both be at ease.

Cultivate that intangible property known as tact, and work the Golden Rule for all it is worth. Treat the other fellow as you would like to have him treat you—and you will be treating yourself very well indeed.

And cultivate a little backbone. Do the things that scare you, and, once done, you will discover they are not at all hard to do. And, for goodness' sake, be tolerant. Everybody has to tolerate you and your defensive idiosyncrasies, so you must tolerate theirs. They disappear on acquaintance.

# Coddling Criminals

Condensed from Scribner's Magazine (May '26)

Judge Charles C. Nott, Jr.

**T**HE so-called "coddling" system in the New York State prisons has had at least a 12-year swing, and if its reformatory effects amounted to anything substantial, the proportion of second offenders serving now would be substantially less than it was 15 years ago. But it is nothing of the sort. In 1915, the proportion of inmates previously convicted of felony imprisoned in State's prisons was 39 per cent; in 1924 it was 44 per cent—both according to the official report of the Superintendent of State's Prisons for those respective years.

A prison is and necessarily must be a most unfavorable place to effect a reformation of the individual. Reformation is a work requiring individual effort of a high order of spiritual quality upon the individual sought to be reformed; it requires a favorable environment and associations, and long-continued watchfulness and care. None of these conditions is or can be found in a prison. I am extremely sceptical of the possibility of the spiritual reformation of a body of men en masse, but the inmates of a State's prison are a body—a large body of men—and individual work upon them can, from the nature of the case, be but short-lived and haphazard. Each convict is continuously surrounded by other convicts, so the environment is neither uplifting nor stimulating to reformation—and those people who think that the furnishing of baseball games, movies, theatrical shows, banquets, and flowers is in itself reformation of sin or effects reformation of sin, are quite capable of thinking that it would effect the reformation of indigestion.

But still more unfortunate is the effect upon the efficacy of punishment as a deterrent which has been produced by treating it solely as an at-

tempt to rehabilitate the individual. Many prophesied years ago that carrying the softening of prison discipline to foolish lengths not only would accomplish little in the way of reformation, but would end in increasing crime—and their prophecies have been and are being fulfilled. When first offenders, before me for sentence, plead to be sent to Sing Sing and not to the Elmira Reformatory, as happens almost weekly, I know that they are not seeking reformation there, but rather a "soft snap" in comparison with the military discipline of the reformatory.

In a recent number of the prison magazine printed at Sing Sing, I observed that during the baseball season the local nine had played over 100 games with outside visiting nines, viewed by the prison inmates from a concrete grand stand; that during the theatrical season there had been a theatrical performance nearly every Friday evening by various companies, many presenting the best shows in New York, to see which the unconvicted citizen has to pay \$5 or \$6 a seat; and the movies while away the tedium of almost all of the other nights of the week. The hours of work are much shorter than those of the ordinary working man; and until very recently, if the fastidious palate of any prisoner were offended by the prison fare, he was allowed, if possessed of the price, to buy special food for himself and have it specially cooked and privately served.

In addition to this, the terms of imprisonment are enormously and unreasonably cut down by "commutation for good conduct" and by "compensation for efficient and willing service," and, in addition, by paroles from the Parole Board, which, as in the recent notorious Brindell case, may be

granted to prisoners whose conduct has been notoriously bad. What has happened is that, the prisons being overcrowded, every prisoner has been liberated almost as a matter of course on the expiration of the minimum of his sentence. Moreover, under the Indeterminate Sentence Law, the trial judge is not allowed to fix the minimum of the sentence at more than one-half of the possible maximum, without regard to the gravity of the offense committed. The effect has been to cut in half the sentence of any first offender, no matter how heinous the offense. In addition, time for "compensation for efficient service" is now deducted from the *minimum* of the sentence. The sentence of a second offender is cut down by both "commutation" and "compensation."

If the State confines its prisoners in sanitary prisons, segregates the first offenders from the "second-timers," affords opportunity for education and self-improvement, teaches a useful trade and helps discharged convicts to obtain employment, it has discharged its duties to them, and not only is under no obligation to make their term of imprisonment easy and agreeable, but should refrain from doing so, substituting a strict and firm discipline for the recreational methods now in vogue. Obtaining work for convicts upon discharge is one of the most beneficent means of promoting their welfare and preventing a relapse into crime.

It is often stated that punishment as a deterrent is a failure, because in the 18th century there were 40 hanging offenses, and yet crime was more prevalent then than now. In reply to this it may be freely conceded that a law that is not enforced and punishment that is not imposed is never a deterrent. To test whether or not punishment is a deterrent, one must find out how it would work if it were *certain* to be inflicted.

For example, let each reader ask himself whether he would break the Volstead law tomorrow if he positively and certainly *knew* that he would

spend a year in the Atlanta Penitentiary if he broke it. Whatever answer the reader makes to this question will be the same answer that the burglar, the robber, would make to the analogous question put to him. As to punishment in the 18th century, there was no police force as we know the word now—only "the watch" that circulated slowly and with great publicity through certain streets at night, and the sheriffs to serve warrants; there was absolutely no detective force, no finger-prints, Bertillon measurements or rogues' galleries; no telegraphs, telephones, or any means of communication between places rapid enough to head off a criminal—in short, if the criminal made his "getaway" from the scene of his crime he was safe. Under those circumstances the law made the consequences so appalling in case the criminal *were* caught that only the boldest would have dared commit crime if arrest had been even probable. The real question is, "Would there have been more crime or less crime in *that* age if the penalty had been less severe?"—not whether there was more crime then than now—and no student of those times can be in doubt as to the answer.

Crime is not less in the 20th than in the 18th century because punishment has been diminished; but punishment has been diminished because crime is less. No one is in favor of making punishment more severe than is necessary to accomplish its end. But when punishment is so relaxed as to become no punishment at all and is so frequently escaped as to warrant the assumption it will be escaped altogether, then there can be no wonder that it fails to act as a deterrent. Such is the condition existing in the United States today, and such it is certain to continue until the day arrives when punishment is restored to its true function as a deterrent, and is made reasonably certain in its infliction.

# War Antidotes

Condensed from *The Saturday Evening Post* (April 24, '26)

*An Interview with Owen D. Young, by Chester T. Crowell*

**W**AR, as a scourge of the human race, has many of the characteristics of disease. If we knew more about the causes of it, we could certainly prevent some of the outbreaks and perhaps in time nearly all of them. At present we have developed only to that point where, emotionally, we oppose the horrors of war, which in itself is no small achievement. But thus far we haven't done a great deal more than to adopt resolutions. They show, however, that the will for action exists. Beyond doubt we desire to outlaw war. But how?

Not so long ago we desired to outlaw yellow fever, also typhoid. Patient research in the laboratory, seeking facts, building theories and testing them by experiments, tireless devotion to the task, finally led to victory. Now, war has its germs no less than disease. For example, we know one great truth about war that supplies us with a point of beginning for profitable investigation. It is, briefly, that the original irritation begins in a small area and spreads over a very large one. For instance, there may be a dispute about a boundary line between two countries. As time goes on the irritation spreads and new centers of infection appear. Emotional forces come into action, and the area of the dispute becomes so wide that it enters into virtually every phase of the relations between the two countries. They no longer remember where the row started, but each is certain it hates the other. They are then ready for war.

Now let us transfer this procedure into a scientific field—medicine, for instance—and see how absurd and injurious its effects. The physician, instead of seeking to diagnose the case and effect a cure at the original point of infection, would be engaged in an

argument relating to it. He would devote so much time to the argument that eventually his patient would be diseased from head to foot. By that time diagnosis would have lost its importance, since the patient was doomed anyway.

Nevertheless, in the field of international relations this has been just about the usual course. Early diagnosis has seldom been attempted on a scientific basis of fact finding. Eventually the infection spreads until the situation seems to demand the rough surgery of war. Utterly unscientific.

From time to time the world is startled by statements of members of Congress or the British Parliament or some other legislative body representing a great nation. If it happens, as it often does, that the statements are absurdly inaccurate, the man who made them is rebuked by informed public opinion. But if the public lacks information on the point in question, or is so prejudiced as to be eager to believe, then great harm may follow. This situation has arisen scores of times, and invariably when the facts were known the public based its judgment upon them just as soon as they could be disseminated. Such experience ought to guide us toward preventive measures against war. How? By employing facts as a prophylactic. Not only are they effective in safeguarding the public from inflammation but I believe they would also prevent men in responsible positions from making inaccurate declarations.

We need facts. Even if every nation were immediately to bind itself to arbitrate every imaginable dispute, we would still need the facts. We couldn't even begin to arbitrate without them. One will naturally inquire whether research or science could be



advantageously applied in this field. My answer is that there can be no doubt of it. Facts can be applied in any field. Our curse is ignorance. But, one may ask, hasn't every great nation elaborate machinery for providing itself with these facts?

Ambassadors and foreign departments of foreign relations do the best they can, but they are not fact-gathering organizations in the scientific sense, nor do they dare to direct their policies upon a basis of fact. Sometimes they are forced by the pressure of public opinion, inflamed by passion or misinformation or both, to adopt courses that they themselves know cannot be justified by the facts. Experience teaches them very quickly that they must obey the popular will at least in very large measure, and this was true even before the era of representative government. Ancient tyrants no less than presidents of republics have been thrust into war against their better judgment because of popular clamor. Political officials, as a rule, do not dare to base their policies upon facts with which the public is unacquainted.

When the Dawes Plan was presented to the conference of London, in each country the report was received with disappointment by those who held extreme views. But the conference lasted many weeks. During this time the people of Europe had an opportunity to think it over. They knew that this plan was evolved by a process of fact finding and that the men who drew it had no political motives. They had come to Paris to do their best to get at the truth and suggest practical means for using it. Little by little the extreme views which would have made adoption of the report impossible melted away and finally the Dawes Plan was accepted. Here was a notable victory for this form of procedure, because it showed that a sincere effort to arrive at the impartial truth would be appreciated even when public opinion was feverish. Such a demonstration of the reasonableness of the masses—not

only in one country but in several simultaneously—ought to serve us in the future as a guide in our efforts to prevent war.

We have a desire for peace, but we have not yet established an agency whose exclusive duty it is to study how to achieve peace. We have an industry of foreign relations, but we have no science. Consequently we have misinformation and half truths where we should have facts.

It is not enough to summon a small group of impartial men and intrust them with the task of getting at the facts after an emergency has arisen and passionate nationalism is aroused. We ought to have permanent organizations to carry on this work in season and out. In nearly every country there are a few men engaged in such efforts. But the value of their work is depreciated by the fact that in this field of investigation correlation scarcely exists. Until the efforts of widely scattered men are interrelated there cannot be a scientific approach toward peace. Nowadays virtually all scientific endeavor is on a cooperative basis, not only nationally but internationally.

A great reservoir of facts on subjects that cause irritation between nations could be assembled and placed at the disposal of the public as well as those who have to deal with those problems in the administrative field. Once such a reservoir of facts was known to exist, it is only reasonable to assume that public officials who receive alarming rumors would make use of it before committing themselves by public utterance or taking drastic action. No man willingly risks the ridicule that comes from spouting ignorance if he knows that there is in existence an agency that can and will overwhelm him with the blunt truth.

I believe it is possible to establish such an institution, and that it can perform the assigned task of fact finding so much better than any other agency now in existence that the people will beat a path to its door and  
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# The Rise of Roland Hayes

Condensed from *The Mentor* (May '26)

W. J. Henderson, *Music Critic, New York Sun*

**R**OLAND HAYES, a colored man, has been accepted in all the artistic centers of the world as a great singer. He started to work when a boy, in an iron mill in Chattanooga. He also sang in the church choir. Happened to come along another Negro, Arthur Calhoun, from Oberlin College, a singing teacher, who heard the boy sing and after the service suggested to him that he should study the art. The boy laughed. He "didn't want no lessons." Calhoun followed him persistently and persuaded him to take a few lessons in spite of the mother's opposition.

Then he sang an important part in a cantata at a concert in Chattanooga and made such an impression that he became seriously interested in singing. William Stone, of the *Chattanooga Times*, heard about the lad and helped him with money. He applied for admission to the musical department of Fisk University. Miss Jenny Robinson, head of the department, heard him and gave him a month's trial to ascertain how studious he was. He also took the course in literature, and waited on the table to earn money. He did that and other odd jobs about the college for four years.

When his college course was ended he went to work in a men's social club as a waiter. While thus employed he went with the Fisk singers to Boston to sing in a concert, and that was the end of his preparatory struggles. Arthur Hubbard, a teacher of singing, took him up and gave him lessons while he worked as a clerk in a business office. He finally got together enough money to give his first concert, which took place in the Boston Symphony Hall on Nov. 15, 1917. Only by the most resolute persistence did he battle through the next three years, slowly winning public recognition. Then he went to London, where the newspapers made him

known and the curiosity of royalty was aroused. In the midst of a coal famine, shivering in his shabby room in a cheap hotel, he received a command to sing at Buckingham Palace before their majesties. That led to his giving his first famous concert in Wigmore Hall, when the critics acclaimed him as a great artist.

He sang in Germany, where he was praised for his German and his deep understanding of the lyrics. He returned to his own country to find that doors that had been closed were now open to him. He has since sung as soloist with the leading orchestras of the country. But when the Boston Symphony Orchestra engaged this young man who had worked as a waiter and a clerk, and bade the residents of the Back Bay district pay their money to listen to him, it meant that, in so far as these United States were concerned, Hayes was received into the aristocracy of art.

He made his first appearance in New York in a recital in the Town Hall on Dec. 1, 1923. It was then that the writer first heard him and was impressed by the quality of his art and his intelligence.

In the rise of Mr. Hayes from an origin surrounded by poverty and ignorance to a position commanding the artistic and personal respect which he now enjoys we have one of the romantic histories of the art world and one of the biographical stories which we are fond of thinking belong peculiarly to our own country. This man, who was born on a level little above that of a slave, now carries himself before the public with the authority of a cultivated gentleman, sings in four languages with fluency and correct accent, is master of the great song literatures of Germany, Italy, France, England and the United States, and is welcomed with the most cordial applause wherever he appears.

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listen gladly. Being free from political influence and depending solely for authority upon its store of truth, scientifically ascertained, I believe it would be respected throughout the world.

Let us imagine such an institution, staffed by a small but able group of men, justly distinguished by ten years of useful service, suddenly confronted with a crisis in international affairs. Ambassadors and departments of foreign relations had regarded the subject of the difficulty as a sleeping dog and it is their policy to let sleeping dogs alone. Suddenly there is an ominous growl. The dog is awake and the people of two or more nations are aroused. In such a situation it is virtually impossible for men who hold their positions by either election or political appointment to educate the public in time to avert disaster. Anyway, their function is not educational; they are representatives and necessarily agree with their constituents. Only men armed with far higher credentials than the political dare intervene in such situations or can hope to accomplish very much if they do intervene. The time has come when only the truth can save. How fortunate it would be for the world if it knew where to turn for guidance at such a time!

The establishment of such a seat of authority is not only possible but fairly easy. Moreover, it is going to be established. I have outlined here, briefly, the thought behind the proposed Walter Hines Page School of International Relations which is to function in connection with Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore. Scientific effort does not call for large numbers of men or great expense. In addition to carrying on their research work, the faculty of such a school can also instruct.

What will they teach? Why, the science that they practice. They will gather the facts about international trade, racial psychology, commercial and military geography, diplomatic usage

and experience, effects of artificial economic barriers, effects of new inventions, and all the hundreds of things that enter into the contacts of nation with nation. They will train men to become experts in international relations. Some of them will continue their service in pure research as a life career. Others will be drafted into the government service. Such a school should achieve three things:

1. It will develop a science of international relations.
2. It will ascertain the facts so far as they can be found on any particular problem.
3. It will produce a continually growing body of men trained in that science and available for service in the fields of education, government and business.

As a consequence, international contacts ought to show more conductivity and less sparking.

Eventually there should be at least five or six such schools, in as many different countries. It would be a very excellent development of the plan if, in time, delegates from these schools gathered once or twice a year to compare their data.

Here, I believe, is the framework of a program that offers reasonable hope of making progress against the destroying monster of war. Resolutions will not do it, nor will denunciations of war. People inflamed by fear or injustice, no matter how groundless their information, will still fight, even though they hate war. We must have the facts, localize the problems, and attempt to solve them while they yet remain in the narrow area of their origin. In other words, this is a job for science.

Great tasks should be done slowly. We are beginning with just one school. Faith in the fundamental merit of the plan leads to the expectation that time and the common sense of mankind can be trusted to complete the job.

# The New Industrial Era

Condensed from The Century Magazine (May '26)

Charles Edward Russell

**F**OR the last five years American industry has been remaking itself, and scarcely anybody outside the circles directly affected has paid attention to the upthrust. Yet it means changes so much greater than those made by most wars that hereafter it is likely to be considered as beginning an epoch not only in our history but in other people's.

The Federal Department of Commerce and the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, being the chief revolutionists, have united in certain widespread and unquestionable investigations, from which business—in the mass—emerges convicted of bewildering extravagance and waste, and poor old government, which we have always regarded as doddering and incompetent, treads the stage in the role of teaching business how to be efficient.

It was the War Industries Board of which Bernard M. Baruch was chairman that started the upheaval. The War Board ukased the manufacturers to drop everything but strict essentials, and at once remarkable discoveries were made in the number of things, processes, commodities, and machineries we could easily get along without. Throughout this period the National Chamber was the close ally of the board. When the war was over, executives in the chamber said that what was good for production in war times must be good for production in peace times. They turned to Secretary Hoover, and together they comploted the revolution.

The Department of Commerce has built within itself a Division of Simplified Practice. The National Chamber has built a Waste Elimination Bureau. The experts in both offices look at an industry as a doctor looks at a patient; they conclude that it is suffering from fatty degeneration

of too much. So the doctors intimate to the leaders in that line of business that a national conference is one of the grandest things in the world.

When the conference meets, the department and the chamber are prepared for it with the statistics and facts that show the waste. The conference usually takes one good look at these and appoints a committee to consider the spillage and how it may be stopped. It is a wise committee; it reports a plan, the conference adopts the report to go into effect on a certain date as a trade agreement, and the next thing the retailer knows, instead of being bothered with 27 kinds of wash-boilers, there is but one.

All this, being the affair of one trade, nobody else pays attention to. Yet day by day we pay attention to a thousand things that are nothing to us compared with this. For if we multiply the wasteful conditions about wash-boilers into every product of every factory, we fetch up among figures that soar and sums that dazzle. In 1921 the Federated American Engineering Society experts, headed by Mr. Hoover, undertook a survey of conditions in six great typical American industries and laid bare things that struck the attentive into an amazed silence.

They found the preventable waste in these industries ranged from 29 to 64 per cent, the average waste among them all being 49 per cent. And these six industries—textiles, metals, boots and shoes, printing, building, men's ready-made clothing—were supposed to be among the most carefully managed of all that make our industrial greatness.

From this shattering fact they deduced another. They concluded that the total of preventable waste in all American industry must be something

like ten billion dollars a year. Ten billion dollars a year—it is the total cost of all government in the United States, plus the cost of all automobiles sold here in a year, plus the cost of all the gasoline sold to run them, plus the cost of all the American homes built in a year.

Ten billion dollars, and all waste. Not because of anybody's incompetence. Custom, competition, and tradition accounted for almost the whole of it—and the reluctance of the American to cooperate.

Upon this condition of disaster the plans of the department and the chamber arose with healing in their wings. As for instance, what do you know about paving-bricks? Probably not much; and care no more. Yet you might wisely know and care, for they come up annually in your tax-bill. Up to 1922 there were 66 varieties of them manufactured in the United States, although every manufacturer knew that 84 per cent of the business was done in five of the 66 styles.

But to make the 66 the manufacturer must have 66 different molds and patterns. He must stop a factory hand at work with one pattern and have him substitute another. He must have warehouse space to carry the sacred 66, carrying many of them for years with little or no sale but with tax, interest, and insurance charges running all the time against them. He must invoice them and watch them and handle them as if they really meant something in his life when they meant nothing—except bother.

The brick-makers came to Washington in a national conference. And today instead of 66 varieties of paving-brick there are only four, the consumer is as well satisfied, work is better at the factories, and the manufacturers are saving a million dollars a year.

The always lengthening list of industries remade now includes many that directly affect people's lives and households' budgets. Range-boilers afford one illustration. Manufactur-

ers were making 130 varieties. To produce them was a heavy burden; to store and try to distribute them another. As for the poor retailer, to carry them, account for them, protect them, and have capital invested in them, were so many items in the load he must try to shift to the consumer's tottering back. There was a national conference, a committee, a report, and 117 varieties of range-boilers disappeared into the past.

Hardware manufacturing underwent a great change. Of the simple tack and the nail 426 kinds were being marketed. A committee buried 247 of these. Of shovels, scoops, and spades there were 4460 varieties on the market. A committee actually knocked out 4076 of these as being redundant, with an annual saving of about ten million dollars.

In the days when there were 40 varieties of steel reinforcing bars for use with concrete in building operations, some dealers felt obliged to carry as much as 150,000 or even 200,000 tons, for which the needless costs in space, time, labor, and capital were reflected in the cost of building and thence into the tenant's rent. After a committee had cut out 29 of the 40 varieties, the dealer that had carried 200,000 tons found he needed only 75,000, while \$4,500,000 of annual waste had been elided from the nation's industry.

One plow-bolt would seem about like another. Yet 1500 varieties of them were manufactured in the United States. When a farmer bought a plow with a certain kind of bolt and the time came to renew that bolt he must get one of the original kind if the country had to be raked to find it. Say the plows sold in one farming community comprised 400 kinds of bolts, the dealer in that town must keep on hand all of the 400, although of half of them he might not sell a cent's worth in ten years. Joy must have been unconfined in those precincts when a committee knocked out 44 per cent of the plow-bolts.

(To be continued)

# Confessions of an Ex-Feminist

Condensed from The New Republic (April 14, '26)

Anonymous

I'M a feminist—or rather, I *was* a feminist. In the old days I was one of the most ardent of all the defenders of every sort of measure which would spell equality and freedom for women—votes, birth control, the removal of legal discrimination. Since those days I am greatly changed. What has changed me is matrimony.

In six years of married life I have gradually but surely descended from that blithe, enthusiastic, cocksure young person I was eight or ten years ago, to the colorless, housewifely, dependent sort of female I used to picture so pathetically and graphically to my audiences—the kind we must all have a chance not to be!

In those golden days of youth I wanted the rich domestic life of husband, home and babies that my mother's generation enjoyed and in addition to this I insisted emphatically upon a complete individual life of work, contact and achievement in the outside world. Like my husband, I would go out during the day to the world of work and toil and achievement, and together at night we would enjoy and tend our common fireside.

In those days, there were no doubts of the practicability of such a life for me. My husband-to-be would be the type of man who would be sympathetic to my point of view—an advocate of the rights and equality of women.

Such a husband mine held every promise of being. He believed that I should have my work, my career, as well as home and babies. Yet it has been his attitude, largely sub-conscious, perhaps, that has caused my failure. He has given lip-service to my aspirations, but when it has come to the difficulty of putting them into prac-

tice, he has not helped me and has often stood in the way.

For, let me admit it promptly, I have failed and failed ignominiously, in putting my theories into practice. As wife, housewife and mother, I am a fairly complete success, but as an individual I have amounted to nothing. I am like a vine with two branches: one branch grows and blooms luxuriantly, but the other is so bruised and stunted it is almost dead.

I am a very fortunate woman. I have a splendid husband who, after six stormy years of matrimony, is still my lover as I am his. I have a beautiful daughter of four, radiant in health and spirits, and I have the deep satisfaction of knowing that her happiness and welfare are largely due to the devoted and unstinted care I have given her in these first important years of her life.

But I am also a profoundly unhappy woman. For I am outside the stream of life and only a spectator. At present I am merely background—pleasant, important, perhaps necessary background, I admit—for two other individuals. I have no separate, integral life of my own. I long for engrossing, satisfying work. Instead, my days are devoted to a round of petty, tiresome details, with the benefit and comfort of these two individuals as an end.

In my inexperienced days I used to say that if matrimony proved unsuccessful, a woman should up and out. Her child, if any? Take it along and support it herself. Now, though I trust I still retain a reasonable self-respect, I should think once, twice, thrice and profoundly, before I would up and out. I should be fearful of my ability to make my way, with a



child clutching me, in that economic struggle where I lost my place in life shortly before the child was born.

Take this business of jobs, as it exists before matrimony is complicated with children. In the old days I could earn a better salary than could my husband; but when it came to what I considered our joint job, the house-keeping, I had no luck in getting my lover to see my point of view. He would not do his share. My male burnt the toast with malice, grumbled or just bolted, and wen out that way. Now he has his coffee in bed! (Of course, this damnable maternal instinct that loves to coddle and make comfortable the creature it loves, has a lot to do with this.)

As for joint care of our child—I lost again. When I staunchly argued that this business of getting up for 2:00 A. M. bottles should be done by turns, he said: "Can't do it—I must be fresh for my job." But his job was a lazy, six-hour one, while, as I pointed out, mine, with a house and child, was a 14, sometimes 24 hour one, and I also needed to be fresh.

"But if I lose mine," he argued, "where will the bread and butter come from?" I lost again, for I could not, at that time, bring in bread and butter.

Intelligent care-takers for children are extremely expensive and rare; and I would not entrust my child's continual care to the type of nurse or maid we could afford.

As for "economic independence": Last week I went shopping. I discovered my purse was empty. I had forgotten to ask my husband for cash and he was out of town for the day. I had no checking account so I could do no shopping. More dependent was I than my thoroughly domesticated mother, who did, sometimes, get some of her own butter and egg money.

As I look about at my various feminist friends I can point to none who has made a complete success of the

demand for a full-sided existence. Some have interesting work; but to be free for that they have chosen not to have children. They, like myself, have only half a loaf. Those who have work and children, too, are all overworked, overdriven. They are continually drawing on their reserve of physical and nervous energy. Most of them have modern-minded husbands; but all of these, like mine, complacently take it for granted that, while their wives have work in the outside world as strenuous as their own, it is still up to them, being women, to see that the domestic job runs smoothly. Some of my friends have maids, some do not. But in either case the responsibility of work or supervision is up to them.

Have I suggested that in my own case my husband was chiefly to blame for my failure? Well, that is neither accurate nor fair. The shortcomings and weakness of my own nature—shall I say, of my sex?—are equally to blame. We women for countless generations have been too pliant, too ready to give ourselves to coddling and making comfortable our grown children, our men. From squaw days down we have been too ready to let them tell us that our business is attending to "details."

The maternal instinct, I am convinced, has been a sinister, as well as a blessed, force in the world. With invisible but powerful hands it draws us would-be career-following women back into the old ways. It prevents our being ruthless, as men are, in realizing our individual ambitions and personal satisfaction. Similarly, the instincts bred in the bone for generations cause our modern husbands, while giving lip-service to our feminist creed, to feel, in any real crisis where sacrifice is demanded of them, that the best is for the male and the rest for the woman. At any rate, this has been so for my husband and me; and therefore, as a feminist who would put feminism into practice, I am a failure.



# Stalking the Ovis Poli with Roosevelt

Condensed from Vanity Fair (May '26)

Corey Ford

IT was early in April of last year that our brave expedition left New York Harbor amid the excited tooting of horns and blowing of whistles, and a shower of well-wishes and other hard objects from friends on shore; and proceeded directly to Bombay, where our caravan was already assembled.

I shall never forget the inspiring picture we presented upon our departure from Bombay. The sun shone bright and clear overhead and the *bul-buls* were singing happily in the syringas as our great caravan gathered before the hotel. In the immediate foreground Colonel Roosevelt was seated upon his elephant, his white helmet tilted back upon his forehead to disclose the keen, piercing eyes staring toward the horizon, the jaw thrust forward in a gesture of determination that boded ill for the *ovis poli* in the far-off hills.

For a moment no one stirred. The Colonel sat tense, motionless, his left fist clutching his trusty Express rifle and his right waving a small American flag. The dramatic silence was broken by the sudden click of the newspaper cameras, whereupon the Colonel, with a sigh of relief, clambered down from his elephant, handed his cork helmet to an attendant and stepped into his waiting automobile. We were off!

Having progressed by easy stages to Srinagar, the rifles and equipment following by freight, we now trekked over the first range of the Himalaya Mountains to the Zozzi la (pass), a desolate tract of snow and ice. What a sight! To our right and to our left extended an unbroken vista of ice and snow, while before us and behind us a flat stretch of snow and ice reached to the very horizon. We took several photographs of this re-

markable scene, with the Colonel in the foreground.

Here we made our first *bivouac* (camp), the Colonel having been informed that any scientific expedition that is a scientific expedition invariably gets lost the first few days out, and remains hidden until the United States Government sends an airplane in search, filled with newspaper reporters. Accordingly, as soon as we were safely hidden, we waited for three days, giggling to ourselves, at the end of which time a member of the party sent a cable to the State Department to count 100 and then come find us. The State Department promptly cabled back: "Why?" and so the game was called; but if they had come we had a dandy hiding place between two Himalayas, where they would never have seen us. Another good game is Anagrams.

Our main objective was the famed *ovis poli*, a sort of sheep which lives on barren, treeless plateaus and is seldom seen in captivity, owing to the fact that it is so hard to catch, and even if it were easy to catch nobody would want it. Game was now growing plentiful; and we had no end of fun shooting the rare Goitered Gazelles (*Gazella thyroid*). In the event of attack these harmless creatures simply crouch down behind their goitre, rendering them practically invisible to the casual eye. The finest specimen of the trip was bagged by Kermit, and it was later placed in a wheelbarrow, and Kermit was photographed beside it, holding a large placard which read: "This goitre was grown in Thibet: The Land of Opportunity."

Another rare capture was the Asiatic *Wapiti*, a strange deer which derives its name from the noise it makes whenever it inadvertently steps off a

Himalaya and tumbles wapiti! wapiti! wam! down to the bottom. Nothing is known of the home life of the wapiti, beyond the fact that it has none; but the Colonel was particularly interested to learn that it is a cousin of the American bull-moose, the latter a favorite game of his father's. The Colonel formed a Wapiti Party on the spot.

It must not be thought that the Colonel remained idle during these scientific discoveries, or lost sight for a moment of the real purpose of his trip. Time and again, when the more irresponsible members of his expedition were wasting their time stalking the *Gooral* or the *Markhor*, the Colonel with a serious face would sit before his photographer for hours, assuming appropriate poses beside the specimens which the rest of us had brought back to camp the night before. Often we returned home from the hunt to find this solitary figure seated at his typewriter, already writing the account of our adventures for the *Times*.

It was in the Russian Pamirs that we got our first *ovis poli*. I shall never forget the thrill of that moment. We were awakened at dawn by the eager cry of "Nian!" (*ovis poli*); and the camp was instantly plunged into utter confusion. The Colonel, with rare presence of mind, drew on his nail-studded hunting boots, his white helmet and the long red beard, which we all wore on the trip, slung a telescope over his shoulder and knelt in the door of his *shuldarree* (tent), his 500-bore Express rifle in his hand. Following his example, we all dressed rapidly in our hunting costumes and knelt behind him, guns in hand. The day could not have been more ideal for our purpose; the sun shone directly upon our faces, so that no feature remained in shadow. Our group was perfectly arranged, the four tallest natives standing in the rear, the rest of us kneeling before them, while Kermit reclined gracefully at our feet, resting on his elbow, with his forefinger laid alongside his cheek. In the center the Colonel, a

smile on his grim face, stared directly into the camera. For a moment the photographer hesitated.

"No nian?" (where's your *ovis poli*?), he asked us at length.

With a shrug of irritation at this oversight the Colonel directed one of the natives to climb up the mountain-side, from which he returned shortly bringing a splendid specimen. This was placed between the Colonel's knees, and the first of our prize captures (the largest seen in a dozen years) was shot and dispatched to the rotogravure sections at once.

After crossing the perilous Karakoram Pass, the party descended the mountains to Turkestan; and it was here that the Colonel had the narrow escape from annihilation which was mentioned briefly in the dispatches. The Colonel, whose self-confidence had been considerably augmented by this trip, conceived the idea of attempting to scale *Mount Albany*, which, next to *Mount Washington*, is the highest peak in all the Himalayas and has only been visited in the past six years by one man, a Governor Smith.

I shall never forget the parting scene. The Colonel was mounted on *Gop*, his favorite elephant, and was clad in a loose-fitting coat belonging to his father. Higher and higher he climbed, while his party followed behind, our hearts filled with misgivings.

Suddenly, before anyone could stop him, the Colonel's foot accidentally overturned a treacherous stone, called by the natives *do-hee-neh* or *The Tea Pot*. As this obstacle bounced down the hill, it loosened a huge quantity of dirt, which followed behind it in a veritable landslide, descending with a roar upon the Colonel and completely covering all his followers as well, until the entire party was practically hidden from sight.

Yet the Colonel's confidence is so little shaken that he is already determined upon a second attempt to scale this peak in the near future. "I am ready," he insists, "for a fight or a frolic."

# On a Certain Condescension in Americans

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly* (May '26)

*Agnes Repplier*

FIFTY-SEVEN years ago Mr. James Russell Lowell published in *The Atlantic Monthly* an essay, "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners." He regretted England's dislike for our accent, France's distaste for our food, and Germany's contempt for our music. Yet the condescension which Mr. Lowell deprecated, and which was based upon superiority of culture, seems like respectful flattery compared to the condescension which Americans now daily display, and which is based upon superiority of wealth.

The deep exhaustion of European countries that have been struggling for life as a drowning man struggles for breath is hardly a matter of surprise. Yet Dr. Frank Crane, in a syndicated article, tells us that "There is only one thing the matter with Europe, one root trouble from which all its difficulties spring—it has not yet learned to work and to love work. Europeans still idealize idleness."

An editorial in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, August, 1923, stated: "There is only one first-class civilization in the world today. It is right here in the United States and the Dominion of Canada. Europe's is hardly second-class, and Asia's is about fourth- to sixth-class." I borrowed this quotation for a lecture I was giving in New York. My audience applauded the sentiment enthusiastically. It was evident that to them it was a modest statement of an incontrovertible fact. They seemed to believe that we were, like the Jews, a chosen people, that our mission was the "uplift" of the human race, and that it behooved those who were to be uplifted to recognize their inferior attitude.

Is this an unusual frame of mind among educated Americans? Where

can we find a better spokesman for the race than Mr. Walter Hines Page, who did superlatively well a hard and heart-rending job. Yet this able and representative American could see no good in people who did not speak English or French. "Except the British and the French," he wrote to his son, Arthur Page, in December 1917, "there's no nation in Europe worth a tinker's damn when you come to the real scratch. The whole continent is rotten, or tyrannical, or yellow dog. I wouldn't give Long Island for the whole of continental Europe."

It was a curious estimate of values. No one can truly say that Switzerland, Denmark and Holland are rotten, or tyrannical, or yellow dog. Indeed Mr. Page admitted that the Danes were a free people, and that Switzerland was a true republic, but too small to count—a typically American point of view. We interpret life in terms of size and numbers rather than in terms of intellect, beauty, and goodness.

That Mr. Page clearly foresaw the wealth and strength that would accrue to the United States from the World War proves the keenness of his vision. In 1914 he wrote to President Wilson: "From an economic point of view, we are the world; and from a political point of view also." And finally, in a letter to Mr. Frank Doubleday, 1916, comes a magnificent affirmation of our august preeminence: "God has yet made nothing or nobody equal to the American people; and I don't think He ever will or can."

It is natural, though regrettable, that inferior nations, crowded together in Europe, which they have somehow contrived to make glorious and beautiful ("Thank God," cried Henry James, "for a world which holds so rich an England, so rare

an Italy!"), should resent our presenting ourselves to them as an example. They have troubles and traditions of their own, inheritances great and grievous which reach back to "old, unhappy, far-off things." They cannot wipe the slate clean, and begin afresh after a new and improved model. We keep on telling them (I quote now from recent American utterances) that our "accumulated heritage of spiritual blessings" is theirs to command; that our idealism "has made itself felt as a great contributory force to the advancement of mankind," and that "the Stars and Stripes are a harbinger of a new and happier day for the lesser nations of the world." "Lord, gie us a guid conceit o' ourselves" is one prayer which the American has no need to utter.

If Europeans pay insufficient regard to our carefully catalogued virtues, Americans are far too deeply impressed by them. It is as demoralizing for a nation to feel itself an ethical exhibit as it is demoralizing for a young woman to win a beauty prize—by virtue of her nakedness—in an Atlantic City contest. If our civilization be "infinitely the best so far developed in the ages," we have all the less need to say so. If we are giving to the world "supreme grandeur in service," we can afford to be modest in calling attention to the fact. If we are, by virtue of precept and example, "working great changes in the spirit of international morality," it would be more self-respecting to give other nations a chance to express their unprodged appreciation.

A point of difference between the condescension of foreigners in 1869 and the condescension of Americans in 1926 is that the magniloquence which amused and ruffled Mr. Lowell was mainly spoken (he was in a position to hear it both at home and abroad); and the magniloquence which today ruffles without amusing sensitive foreigners and Americans is, as I have shown by liberal

quotations, printed for all the reading world to see.

We may be as good as we are great, but our distaste for sincere and searching criticism blurs our national vision. A blustering, filibustering, narrow-minded Senate is not a source of legitimate pride. To lead the world in crime should be a source of legitimate humiliation. In 1923, Scotland, with a population of five millions, had only 11 murders, while Massachusetts, with a population of four millions, could boast of 107. It almost seems as if we could do a little housecleaning of our own.

The superiority complex is, however, as impervious to fact as to feeling. It denies the practical, the intellectual, and the spiritual. The Sorbonne and the Institut Pasteur make no more appeal to it than does the girl Jeanne d'Arc, or the defenders of Verdun. France as the inspiration of the artist, the stimulus of the thinker, the home of those who seek to breathe the keen air of human intelligence, is lost in the France that cannot stabilize the franc, or keep the peace in Syria. She is, in our eyes, a nation reprehensible because she demands the security which two oceans guarantee to us, and contemptible because she has failed to readjust herself after such calamities as we have never known.

It takes a great deal to make an enjoyable world. Efficiency is an asset; but, without a well-balanced emotional life, it gets us no further than the door of human happiness. Good-will, which Santayana says is the great American virtue, shines like a lamp; but even good-will must be intelligently directed if it is to light up the dark places of the earth; and the dark places of the earth are not confined to other continents than ours. "In judging others," says the wise à Kempis, "a man usually tolleth in vain. For the most part he is mistaken, and he easily sinneth. But in judging and scrutinizing himself he always laboreth with profit."

# Human Nature

Excerpts from "The Wisdom of Laziness," by Fred C. Kelly

(Doubleday, Page & Company)

**A** FUNNY kink in human nature is that while men dislike to be told facts, they love to tell facts to others. . . . The man who is an authority on almost any subject is willing to drop his work and give first-hand knowledge to any one that comes and asks for it. Indeed, there is no surer way to gain a man's undying friendship than to go to him seeking advice. Even though his time is extremely valuable, the man who knows, and knows that he knows, will talk and pass on this knowledge just as long as the caller will listen. In more than 25 years' experience as a reporter, I have never yet been refused information by a real authority. The man who fails to find out what he needs to know, has only himself to blame. There is always somebody who would gladly tell him.

When seeking a favor from a man it isn't nearly so important to leave him thinking well of *you* as to leave him thinking unusually well of himself.

One of my neighbors punished his small son for a minor offense. He tells me that he didn't realize until the next day why he spanked the boy. It wasn't so much on account of what the boy had done, as because he was angry at a man in the office. He had unconsciously substituted the boy for the office associate as an object of his spleen.

An Irish cashier at the most famous hotel in the United States hesitated about cashing a check for a newcomer. The guest indignantly showed his handsomely engraved card which indicated that he was president of a big-sounding corporation—The North and

South American Development Co., or some such name. Still the Irish cashier hesitated. Smilingly he tapped the engraved card with his index finger and sagely remarked:

"Paper never refused ink."

The remark should be remembered by all who are too easily impressed by a pretentious letterhead, or by a beautifully engraved stock certificate. You can say anything you wish to on paper and the paper can't help itself.

One of the best salesmen I ever knew confided to me when asked for the secret of his success: "I live well within my means, but dress far beyond my means."

For many years I had occasional dealings with an old banker who has a point of view that is passing. This old fellow, like *all* bankers, makes his living by lending money. It is just as necessary for a banker to lend money as for a shoe dealer to sell shoes. Yet when I go to him, as a customer, to borrow money, and put up ample security, he nevertheless patronizes me and acts as if he were doing me a favor.

I used to know a man who worked longer hours than anybody in town. All his friends thought he must be a wonderful executive. He was about the only man in town who returned to his office every night after dinner. But the reason he worked such long hours was not that he was a good executive, but a poor one. All day long he hemmed and hawed and procrastinated and frittered away valuable time instead of flying at his tasks and getting them done. The reason he wasted so much time during the



day was that he knew he was going to return to the office at night. He postponed important decisions until after dinner. Nothing seems to place a brake on a man's capacity for quick judgment like working needlessly long hours.

A few years ago the Wright brothers made a trip down to Kitty Hawk in one of the Carolinas, in search of favorable winds to make some final experiments with their flying-machine. They believed they would eventually fly; yet they had never done so. But one afternoon at Kitty Hawk, they flew, and remained in the air for several minutes. They had conquered flying. That night they sat quietly about the little village inn, saying nothing to anybody else about their successful day's work. Orville Wright, according to a story, picked up a copy of a magazine to while away an hour before bedtime. He opened it at random, and by chance the first article he saw was by a famous scientist, a world authority on aeronautics, in which the learned writer proved beyond all peradventure that flying with a machine heavier than air was a

physical impossibility, and that to attempt it was sheer nonsense.

Yet Wright had just done it!

As I sat in the grandstand at a baseball game I was impressed with the fact that a humble job can often be dignified by being done uncommonly well. A boy passed among us selling popcorn. And this lad had a way about him. People warmed up to him because they realized that he was at the top of the line of endeavor he had chosen. He had a good assortment of talk, and could say things in a way that carried conviction. He didn't merely yell, "Popcorn, five a sack!" Instead, he paused every little while to tell the full particulars about his popcorn—what fine creamery butter was used and what special efforts had been put forth to make it so thoroughly palatable that nobody should think of sitting through a ball-game without it.

Ordinarily I am not much swayed by oratory or mere talk. But this chap gave the impression somehow that I sat face to face with oppor-

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# The Singapore Naval Base

Condensed from The Forum (May '26)

Hector C. Bywater

THE establishment of a great naval base at Singapore for the use of the British fleet was foreshadowed in March, 1923, when Mr. Amery, the then First Lord of the Admiralty, announced to Parliament: "We are beginning the creation at Singapore of a naval base capable of dealing with the requirements of a fleet of modern capital ships. At present there is no dock in British territory in the Far East capable of taking a capital ship. The ultimate cost of equipping Singapore will be £11,000,000, but it will be spread over many years."

At the time of the Naval Conference in Washington all the Powers were aware, it was claimed, of Britain's intention to develop a base at Singapore, for which reason this place was expressly excluded from the zone in which no new naval bases or fortifications were to be erected.

Singapore Harbor is a magnificent sheet of water, studded with islands, leading up to a sheltered roadstead. Since the island passed under British rule in 1817 it has become the greatest trading center of Middle Asia, and may literally be described as the gateway of the Far East. Into its spacious harbor come craft of every description: native junks laden with the rubber and mineral treasures of Malaya, larger vessels with produce and manufactured goods from China and Japan, and great steamers bringing wool and meat from Australia. The volume of tonnage entering the port exceeds that of Hull, Bristol, Glasgow, and Southampton combined. The harbor is well furnished with docks, wharves, magazines, and repair shops, which have hitherto been available for men-of-war; but the modern battleship has outgrown the largest of the docks

at Singapore, while the increasing traffic in the port renders it inconvenient for naval purposes. Hence the decision to establish an entirely new naval base on the northern side of the island.

The new works are planned on an imposing scale. Three battleships can be simultaneously taken in hand for repair when the new yard is in commission. There will be, in addition, docks and slipways for smaller vessels, machine shops, fuel depots, ammunition magazines, barracks, and probably an aviation station. In fact, the new navy yard at Singapore seems likely to become the largest and best-equipped fleet base in or near the Pacific. The estimated cost, now placed at £10,500,000, does not include any expenditure for defense, the necessity of which will impose a heavy additional charge.

There is nothing obscure as to the motives behind the establishment of this fleet base. Under present-day conditions Britain's battle fleet is debarred from cruising in Eastern waters by the lack of suitable port accommodations. All her most powerful battleships are now provided with anti-torpedo bulges, and their breadth has been so increased by this fitting that they are unable to enter docks of normal dimensions. Yet unless a warship is docked at frequent intervals, her underbody becomes foul and her speed declines. Essential even in peace, docks are an absolutely vital factor in war time. For all practical purposes, therefore, the Pacific is and will remain closed to the British Navy until such time as docking facilities are available for its battleships.

The magnitude of Britain's stake in Eastern waters sufficiently explains

the anxiety of her strategists to bring that sea within the navy's radius of action. She has vast territorial possessions to guard: the Straits Settlements themselves, Australia, New Zealand, Hongkong, and numerous islands large and small look to her for protection, and must look in vain so long as her fleet is tied to European seas through want of requisite base accommodation further afield. Britain's trade with the East is not only one of the main pillars of her economic structure, it is at the same time indispensable to her very existence. Each week 6,000,000 tons of food and 20,000,000 tons of raw material, with an aggregate value of £17,500,000, are landed in Great Britain. These imports are carried mainly in British ships, of which there are every day at sea no less than 1400, each of more than 3000 tons, scattered over 80,000 miles of maritime trade routes. A large proportion of this traffic is afloat to the eastward of Suez, and therefore within the Singapore zone of influence. Shipping statistics show that at any given moment Britain has £160,000,000 worth of trade within that zone. From the same area she derives almost the whole of her supplies of tea, jute, and zinc ore, 90 per cent of her rubber, 89 per cent of her wool, 77 per cent of her hemp, 63 per cent of her rice, 57 per cent of her tin, 50 per cent of her butter and cheese, a heavy percentage of her frozen meat, oils, and various other commodities. Even a partial or temporary stoppage of this flow of sustenance would react with disastrous effect on her economic and social system.

There is no real foundation for Japanese misgivings with regard to Singapore. All naval authorities agree that 3500 miles is the extreme limit of endurance for a modern battle fleet under war conditions. By the time it had traversed that distance its fuel would be exhausted. Such a fleet is therefore limited to a range of 1750 miles when operating from a base to

which it must return. Now, Singapore is nearly 2400 miles from the coast of Japan. It follows that a fleet based on Singapore would be physically incapable of making an attack on Japan proper. Formosa, it is true, would be theoretically within reach, but to imagine that a fleet would set out to attack hostile territory 1500 miles away from its base, and where it would be exposed to counter-attack in force by the defending navy, is to go far beyond the limits of practical strategy.

Hence, the new British base at Singapore implies no shadow of a menace to Japan. Nor can it be held to endanger Japanese communications. Japan's really important lines of supply in war time would be not with Europe but with the Asiatic mainland, and these lie well out of range of a fleet operating from Singapore. On the other hand, the defensive value to the British Empire of the Singapore base would be difficult to overestimate. With a strong British fleet pivoting on that base there would be no fear of an Asiatic power attempting the invasion of Australia, for an invading expedition never starts unless it knows its lines of communication to be assured. The same fleet would also stand guard over the Indian Ocean, the approaches to which now lie open.

With no battleship base nearer east than Malta,—6000 miles from Singapore,—Britain must perforce keep her main fleet in Europe, nor could she possibly dispatch it to the Pacific, unless adequate port facilities awaited it there, which is not the case at present. Fortunately the political horizon in the East is unclouded for the present, and long may it remain so. The Singapore scheme would be open to criticism if weakness offered the surest immunity from attack, but since the teaching of history is all to the contrary it is not unreasonable to assume that the naval base will be a powerful factor in preserving the peace of the Pacific.

# The Turn of the Century

Excerpts from "Our Times" By Mark Sullivan

(Charles Scribner's Sons)

THE American of 1900, reading his paper, observed, with some uneasiness, that the head-lines continued to occupy themselves, as they had for a considerable time, with the Philippines, Cuba, Porto Rico, Guam, Aquinaldo, the Igorrotes; words which three years before had had no more meaning to him than to stir old memories of something he had seen in his schoolboy geographies. Now they came close. His favorite politicians demanded that he think about them. Bryan told him we should put them away. Beveridge that we should embrace them. Some of his neighbors were infected with the pride that some newspapers and some orators conveyed in resounding phrases about America, the new world-power. Others, far from satisfied, felt it was an unanticipated result of the war with Spain, not clearly announced on the program, that had left these waifs of the world on our door-step.

In his newspapers of 1900, the American found no such word as radio, for that was yet 20 years from coming; nor "movie," for that too was still mainly of the future; nor chauffeur, for the automobile was only just emerging and had been called "horseless carriage" when treated seriously, but more frequently, "devil-wagon," and the driver, the "engineer." There was no such word as aviator—all that that word implies was still a part of the Arabian Nights. Nor was there any mention of income tax or surtax, no annual warnings of the approach of March 15—all that was yet 13 years from coming. In 1900 doctors had not heard of 606 or of insulin; science had not heard of relativity or the quantum theory. Farmers had not heard of tractors, nor bankers of the Federal

Reserve System. Merchants had not heard of chain-stores nor "self-service"; nor seamen of oil-burning engines. Modernism had not been added to the common vocabulary of theology, nor futurist and "cubist" to that of art. Politicians had not heard of direct primaries, nor of the commission form of government, nor of city managers, nor of blocs in Congress, nor of a League of Nations, nor of a World Court. Neither had they heard of "dry" and "wet" as categories important in vote-getting, nor of a Volstead Act; they had not heard of an 18th Amendment, nor a 19th, nor a 17th, nor a 16th—there were but 15 amendments in 1900, and the last had been passed in 1869.

In 1900 woman suffrage had only made a beginning, in four thinly peopled Western States. A woman governor or a woman congressman was a humorous idea. The newspapers of 1900 contained no mention of smoking by women. Indeed there was a distinct movement against smoking by men. Three important railroads put into effect, on January 1, 1900, a rule against smoking "the nasty cigarette." Nor did the papers contain any mention of "bobbing," nor "permanent wave," nor vamp, nor flapper, nor jazz, nor feminism, nor birth-control. There was no such word as rum-runner, nor hijacker, nor bolshevism, fundamentalism, behaviorism, Nordic, Freudian, complexes, ectoplasm, brain-storm, Rotary, Kiwanis, blue-sky law, cafeteria, automat, sundae; nor mah-jong, nor cross-word puzzle. Not even military men had heard of camouflage; neither that nor "propaganda" had come into the vocabulary of the average man. "Over the top," "zero hour," "no man's land" meant nothing to him. "Drive"

meant only an agreeable experience with a horse. The newspapers of 1900 had not yet come to the lavishness of photographic illustration that was to be theirs by the end of the quarter-century. There were no rotogravure sections. If there had been, they would not have pictured boy scouts, nor State constabularies, nor traffic cops, nor Ku Klux Klan parades; nor women riding astride, nor the nudities of the Follies, nor one-piece bathing-suits, nor advertisements of lip-sticks, nor motion-picture actresses, for there were no such things.

In 1900, "short-haired woman" was a phrase of jibing; women doctors were looked on partly with ridicule, partly with suspicion. Of prohibition and votes for women, the most conspicuous function was to provide material for newspaper jokes. Men who bought and sold lots were still real-estate agents, not "realtors." Undertakers were undertakers, not having yet attained the frilled euphemism of "mortician." There were "star-routes" yet—rural free delivery had only just made a faint beginning; the parcel-post was yet to wait 13 years. In 1900, "bobbing" meant sliding down a snow-covered hill; woman had not yet gone to the barber-shop. For the deforestation of the male countenance, the razor of our grandfathers was the exclusive means; men still knew the art of honing. The hairpin, as well as the bicycle, the horseshoe, and the buggy were the bases of established and, so far as any one could foresee, permanent businesses. Ox-teams could still be seen on country roads; horse-drawn street-cars in the cities. Horses or mules for trucks were practically universal; livery-stables were everywhere. The blacksmith beneath the spreading chestnut-tree was a reality; neither the garage mechanic nor the chestnut blight had come to retire that scene to poetry. The hitching-post had not been supplanted by the parking problem. Croquet had not given way to golf. "Boys in blue" had not yet passed into song. Army blue was not

merely a sentimental memory, had not succumbed to the invasion of utilitarianism in olive green.

The G. A. R. was still a numerous body, high in the nation's sentiment, deferred to in politics, their annual national reunions and parades stirring events, and their local posts important in their communities. Among the older generation the memories and issues of the Civil War still had power to excite feeling, although the Spanish War, with its outpouring of a common national emotion against a common foe, had come close to completing the burial of the rancors of the war between the States. Negro suffrage was still a living and, in some quarters, an acrimonious issue.

In 1900, America presented to the eye the picture of a country that was still mostly frontier of one sort or another. From the Alleghanies to the Pacific Coast, the picture was mainly of a people still in flux: the Alleghany mountainsides scarred by the axe, cluttered with the rubbish of improvised lumbering, blackened with fire; mountain valleys disfigured with ugly coal-breakers, furnaces, and smokestacks; western Pennsylvania and eastern Ohio an eruption of ungainly wooden oil-derricks; rivers muddied by the erosion from lands cleared of trees but not yet brought to grass, soiled with the sewage of raw new towns and factories; prairies furrowed with the first breaking of sod. Nineteen hundred was in the flood-tide of railroading: long fingers of fresh dirt pushing up and down the prairies, steam-shovels digging into virgin land, rock-blasting on the mountainsides. On the prairie farms, sod houses were not unusual. Villages were just past the early picturesqueness of two long lines of saloons and stores, but not yet arrived at the orderliness of established communities. At the gates of the country, great masses of human raw materials were being dumped from immigrant ships. Slovenly immigrant trains tracked westward.

## Jewels with a Blood-Stained Past

Condensed from *Success Magazine* (May '26)

*Rose C. Feld*

"WE want to turn 25,000 carats of diamonds into glittering steel. These jewels were bought with the sweat, toil and trial of our peasants. We desire now to give them back to the peasants in the form of implements with which to till the soil."

A Soviet official made this statement in explaining the sale of the Russian imperial jewels which are being placed on the public market. These jewels date back to Peter the Great, called that after his death, though his name was a scourge and a terror to all during the years of his reign. There are 406 separate pieces in the collection. The total weight of the diamonds is 25,300 carats, the pearls weigh 6300 carats, the sapphires 4300 carats, the emeralds 3200 carats, the rubies 1300 carats, added to which is a vast variety of miscellaneous gems.

The value of the jewels in money is over \$250,000,000; their value in suffering, in tears, in shame and torture, is beyond imagination.

Ivan the Terrible is among the first to stalk the grim pages of their history. He it was who discovered Siberia for Russians who did not know that necks were meant to be bent. But Siberia was joyous escape from the other things he could do to show his might, his power, his divine descent from God. There were cauldrons where you boiled, gibbets where you were strung, pincers that tore out your tongue for daring to call upon a God other than Ivan the Terrible. He was a genius at creating and instilling speechless fear. Nor did he stop at taking a personal hand at these orgies of brutality. He had a special room in his palace for those whom he wished to grace with his own person as executioner. There

he'd stand, bloody ax in hand, waiting for each successive head to be placed on the block. And because of this mad germ of bloodlust, he could admire those who did not quail before it. The Orloffs who have played an important part in the history of Russia owe their eminence to an ancestor of theirs, a common soldier who had dared displease Ivan. This Orloff, ready to place his head on the block, saw the head that had just been removed still lying there. With an angry gesture, he kicked it aside, saying that if this were his place on the block, they owed it to him to have it unlittered with other heads. Ivan the Terrible stopped. Here was a man after his own heart, a systematic person who demanded his blood rights. The ax did not fall on that Orloff. Instead he was raised to nobility, his descendants playing major parts in history in the years to come.

Ivan would mount his throne of gold, set with 2000 diamonds, his jeweled imperial sceptre in one hand, the globe, symbol of sovereignty in the other. On his cruel back he wore a mantle so heavily laden with jewels he could not walk with it. Silent he would sit thus, and God help the man who dared stir whilst the Czar was speechless.

There came a day at last when Ivan the Terrible saw death approaching. On pain of death, he made the court astrologers tell him the truth. They said that he was doomed. That night would see his end. The day wore on and he did not die. Ivan laughed. With a superhuman effort he rose from his sick bed, gave orders that the astrologers were to be thrown into a bonfire at nightfall for they had failed in their prophecy and went to his treasure chamber to gaze once more upon his jewels—jewels paid for



by the toll of creatures who did not know that they were human.

History turned a bloody page and Peter the Great came upon the throne. He was the first czar that traveled to France and Austria and England to see how the rest of the world lived. For the first time he saw what civilization meant and he decided to take it back with him. Gay court life, as he found it in Vienna and France, was new to him, for Russian court life had been pompous but not gay. But the brute in him never left him. In Koenigsburg he heard of the torture of breaking a criminal on the wheel and asked to see it. Russian brains had somehow missed that trick. The officials told him they had no criminal deserving of that fate at that time. Nothing daunted, Peter suggested that an officer in his suite be taken for the spectacle.

He returned home, and entered upon a period of murder, infliction of torture and grief that stamped a true Czar. Like Ivan, ax in hand he stood, enjoying the spectacle and the stroke. Nobody was safe. A woman driven insane by the death of her children babbled in the street and the rack was hers. If she mentioned names, each one was taken down and the torture list enlarged. If she couldn't mention names, a black mask was placed on her face and she was led out on the streets and asked to point to people who were conspiring against the Czar. At sight of the mask, the streets cleared, people vanished, fear lending strength to their flight.

While this was going on, court life took on a new aspect. Peter taught his people how to use forks, how to read, how to wear gloves, how to dance. He taught them all the superficial extravagances of the court life of other countries. This included jewels. A people already pounded dry was driven to greater labors. Peter built himself a diamond mill and imported diamond grinders and jewelers to work for him.

It was he who built St. Petersburg at the cost of hundreds of thousands of slaves whom he worked to death. What mattered that? A slave was

born to be knouted, used and killed. Although he had a legal wife who was of royal blood, Peter took unto himself a second one, a laundress whose favors he had originally bought for a rouble. It was she who became Catherine the First. Human sentiment might lead one to believe that a laundress would surely remember the people from whom she sprang. Laundresses who became czarinas rarely do, however. Catherine forgot very quickly. Nobles, merchants, court attachés, condemned to the torture chamber found they could pay her to have their fate set aside. In this way she bought the diamonds and rubies with which she adorned her squat, bestial person.

Catherine the First was followed by Anna Ivanovna and Elizabeth. Jewel mad like their predecessors, they emptied the treasury over and over again to buy for themselves the adornments they craved. Court life was gayer than ever. Were there not thousands upon thousands of serfs whose backs could be depended upon to bear the burden? Restless were they? There were always means to silence them. And even czarinas did not hesitate to give the word of torture.

This brings us to the most romantic, the most colorful of all of the Russian rulers, Catherine the Second, known as Catherine the Great. What matter if at a word from her, Alexis Orloff and others, killed among others a possible woman claimant to the throne and her own husband, Peter the Little. Catherine had to insure her position and, it is said, that diamond dust carefully dropped into food is as good a way as any to insure a noble death. Such things, at any rate, were not uncommon in Russian history. Peter the Great in a fit of fury killed his son with his own hand, wept for a moment and then consoled himself with the death of a score of others not as closely related to him.

Many of the jewels that are being sold today came into history during the reign of this Catherine. They were bought by the sweat of serfs.

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# The World Court in a Nutshell

From Social Science (Feb.-April, '26)

Irving Fisher, Yale University

THE institution called a Court is the supreme invention of civilization—the only device which works to prevent war when quarrels become acute. Without it, civilization could not exist. It has made peace possible in ever widening circles. When people talk loosely about the impossibility of abolishing war, they overlook the fact that we already have abolished war. We have abolished war wherever we have applied the remedy, courts. We have abolished war between individuals and between families, between cities, between states. All this is the work of the courts. Courts have proved that man is not by nature a fighting animal. In general he fights only when there is no alternative—no court readily available. When a dispute becomes acute, the two disputants must either fight it out, in which case the stronger wins, or else refer it to a third party, in which case justice has a chance. That is the idea of a Court, to substitute for interested force the decision of a disinterested third party, thereby giving justice a chance.

We see, then, that this great principle of courts has displaced war as an

institution in every field in which it has been applied, that is, in every field except the international field. Private war, or duelism, is practically extinct; as is blood revenge to settle family feuds. The Justice of the Peace has taken their place. So, also, 87 disputes between our states have been settled by our Supreme Court, without which probably our states would more than once have been involved in war.

The history of civilization thus consists principally in the replacement of war by law. History is largely the story of the enlargement of the peace group—from the family, which was the first peace group, to the town, or community, which was the next peace group, to the state, and to the nation—and each step has been made possible by courts. It only remains to apply this great principle between nations, just as it has been applied between states and smaller groups, in order to abolish war as an institution wholly and forever. For that purpose a World Court is indispensable.

And now at last we have such a court, with 47 adherents, and at last the United States is to join and thereby to give it its full measure of prestige.

## Human Nature

(Continued from Page 84)

tunity—that he was offering something worthy of special attention. So when he came along and announced that it would be *pos-i-tive-ly* his last appearance that afternoon I motioned to him to let me have a sack of his goods. I really felt as if I had saved myself, by a close margin, from missing something.

It was not only with his talk that the lad shone. If somebody a rod away from the nearest aisle waved to him for a sack of corn, he invariably tossed it into the man's hands with the accuracy of a ball-player on the

field. And he never failed to catch the nickel or dime that the buyer tossed to him. He did this with a neatness and dexterity that won admiration from everybody about him. Once a whole section of the grandstand applauded him for the precision with which he shot a nickel back to a customer with his thumb.

Up to that time I had never taken popcorn selling seriously. But I saw that it doesn't matter much what a man's job is; if he's the best man in his line, his work will stand out as conspicuously as a set of side whiskers.

(Continued from Page 90)

The Imperial Crown of all the Russias, the Orloff diamond, the diamond called the Moon of the Mountains, the one called the Empress Eugénie, all these adorned the Czarina of many lovers.

For her, in 1762, Panzier, the court jeweler, made the crown that is said to be without equal in the royal houses of the world. It is set with 4936 gems amounting to 2858 carats. Included in its design are 75 large diamonds. Its greatest jewel is a ruby bought in Peking in 1676 weighing 400 carats. The whole crown weighs five pounds. It is today valued at \$52,000,000.

When Catherine died, her son Paul, whom she hated, became Czar. He did not like the crown that his mother had worn and had the court jeweler fashion another. As it was carried through the streets, all Russia had to bow before it. Those who neglected to do so felt the knout, the chain and, then, Siberia. It was during the reign of this maniac that Siberia became the nightmare of men's minds. An officer's horse stumbled, Paul saw him, and the command that he be flogged and sent away was immediate. A woman carrying a sick child in her arms failed to prostrate herself in the streets when his carriage passed and she and her child were added to the groaning chained processions to Siberia. A man laughed when the emperor was on parade; he was heard, and another unfortunate was dragged to a fate more terrible than death. Nothing was heard during this period but the drag of weary feet, the sound of heavy chains, and the beat of the knout against tortured flesh.

Paul, playing with his jewels, laughed. This was the joy of being an emperor. He asked for no better story than the ones of suffering of his subjects. The more extravagant the pain, the greater his pleasure. Days of torture were completed by nights of court revelry. He gave a masquerade ball one night and appeared in tunic and knee breeches of black velvet upon which had been

sewed 80,000 carats of diamonds so closely placed that it seemed that the Czar was dressed in living fire. But his insanity coupled with his weakness was too much even for that degenerate court. He was killed by Zubov, one of his mother's former youthful lovers.

Terror did not cease, however, with the death of Paul. It reigned for years afterward. The processions to Siberia became longer. The Czars needed more money and there was treasure in the mines of Siberia, treasure, torture and death. And because death came to so many, the lists of prisoners had to be constantly increased. It was at this time that a few reckless souls began whispering about their right to live. Courage born of desperation prompted the whispering that finally swelled into a shout for a constitution. Nicholas the First heard it, came out from his place behind a window and called a command. Years of habit overcame that shouting crowd and in response to the command they fell on their knees before him. In that position it was easy to dispose of them. The streets ran blood that day and for days following.

But the germ of freedom had entered the mind of the Russian. It found splendid soil for growth, soil that had been fertilized with tears and pain and blood. In desperation, in anger, in fear, other Czars, other Nicholases and Alexanders, added to that soil, thinking thus to cover the growing seeds. More prisoners were knouted, flogged, more pain inflicted, more fighting souls sent to Siberia to death that was certain. But there was no silencing the hoarse whispers. For every soul that was sent to the horror of the mines, two, three and four rose up to carry on the cry.

The day of the Czars is gone forever. The last Nicholas paid with his death and the overthrow of imperial power for the dark sins of his forefathers. Of the ghastly splendor that was Russia, nothing is left but the glitter of gems that are today being sold to buy redemption for the Russian peasant.

# Memorials of Men

Excerpts from "Dollars Only" By Edward W. Bok

(Charles Scribner's Sons)

ON every hand there is a distinct and widespread movement among successful men to give of themselves and their means to an extent that is nothing short of astonishing. Time was, and it was not long ago either, when the father gathered for the son to waste. But on every side a new consciousness has come to the man who has accumulated, and we are seeing only the dawning period. It is one of the most significant and healthiest movements of the day. A country-wide research disclosed the fact that the number of men who were giving their time, in part or in whole, to service was far greater than even the most careful student of civic affairs had imagined.

To fully catalogue these men, however, is an impossibility. The number is too great. Take Cleveland as an example. The research brought out the names of some 25 men conspicuous for their public work in that city, whereas the actual number would be closer to 250. To mention the men who are giving their time, wholly or in part, to works of public service would be to print a list of "Who's Who in Cleveland." The city has not, as yet, many examples like that of F. W. Ramsey, who has retired from business to devote all his time to civic projects, but there is in Cleveland, as in no other city that I know of, a long procession of business men of the present headed for full-time civic work in the near future. It is already the most efficient civic group in the country. What such a group will be when, say, 15 or 20 of its men give up business and devote their entire time to the interests of their city, as they will—and the day is not far off—is an interesting conjecture.

What is true of Cleveland is proportionately true of all the cities. No

research can completely catalogue the men who have either entirely retired from business, or who are giving so much of their time to the service of their fellows that the proportion of their time devoted to business is growing less each year.

Take, in Detroit, such a man as Gustavus D. Pope, the President of the Community Fund, who retired from business some seven years ago and has devoted himself to one public project after another. "Wealth and ability are pieces of good fortune," says Mr. Pope, "not to confine to one's self when bestowed, but to be shared with others."

I was watching William H. Murphy, also of Detroit, not long ago, and I have not for a long time seen a man whose expression gave out such happiness and satisfaction with life. I had heard much of Mr. Murphy's altruistic work with the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, but I had never seen him until, without any idea of his identity, I saw his face fairly aglow with happiness from afar and asked who he was.

David A. Brown is another name that stands high in Detroit for his civic work. He is still associated with his business, but the major portion of his time is given over to social welfare movements.

In Boston there is, of course, Edward A. Filene, whose work has become national and international. There is, too, the work of his brother, A. Lincoln Filene, which is not less effective.

Jump to Kansas City, and you have William Volker rearranging his business in order that he may have more time for his municipal, child welfare,

educational, and public welfare interests.

Out in Youngstown, Ohio, there is Justice H. Clarke resigning from the Supreme Court of the United States in order to give all his time to the cultivation of public opinion looking toward world peace.

Cincinnati prides itself on the outstanding and unselfish service constantly coming from such of its citizens as Charles Taft, F. A. Geier, A. E. Anderson, who are working for the betterment of the people of their city. Yet these three men are only types of many more.

Chicago presents a small host of men working unselfishly for the public interest. Julius Rosenwald has given the world one of the most striking instances of broad-minded citizenship by the example of a man of the Jewish creed carrying near his heart the welfare of the Negro race.

In Buffalo the work of Chauncey M. Hamlin in connection with the Buffalo Society of Natural Science, the City Planning Association, and his Children's Playground activities presents a splendid instance of a man's civic service at the expense of his private interests.

It is interesting to see how the work of the Boy Scouts has attracted the service of professional men like Clarence H. Howard, of St. Louis, Dr. Charles D. Hart of Philadelphia, Bolton Smith in New York, and a long list distributed all over the country.

In Louisville, there is the public service work constantly done by Judge Bingham outside of his newspaper, as well as in it.

In Milwaukee, Arthur H. Anger found his interest in the Boy Scouts interfering with his business, so he gave up the latter. And although other Milwaukee citizens, like Otto H. Falk, W. W. Coleman, Albert Friedmann, and August H. Vogel, have not retired from active business, a large portion of their time is given to questions of civic betterment.

There is a distinct note for others

in the way that Maurice Joseph gave up his business in Cincinnati. "I had become surfeited with work," he says. "I was entirely satisfied with the money I was making, but not with myself. I felt the need of inner compensation." He plunged into service, and there he is. "I realized," he says, "that if I were to develop, it must be in an effort to benefit mankind."

Consider the satisfaction that this record must give a man as he looks back upon the road he has travelled; that practically every good public service achievement in Worcester, Mass., during the past 40 years has the name of James Logan connected with it. "Nothing in life matters much," he has been heard to say, "except the opportunity to be of service to others."

[Mr. Bok cites scores of similar instances.]

One thing is certain: this whole question of man's service to his kind is today where it has never been in the public mind. Men are being judged by different standards than in the past. It is not a quarrel with men as to what they shall do. It is simply that the period of "the public be damned" is over, and permanently over, too. The public is rapidly taking its rightful place with the man of ability and means who has a consciousness of personal responsibility. It is upon the public that he has practiced his ability, and brought that ability to its fullest power. It is from that public his means have come. It is to the better interests of that public, proportionately, that his ability and means must flow back: in its service: for its good.

"To him that hath shall be given." But the "hath" does not mean more of that possessed, but a proper understanding of the truth that private means are a public trust: not a possession to have and to hold; but a stewardship that hath and gives.

To such is given that only form of inner happiness of which comes "the light that shines in men's faces."

They are the men of America. "The men of light and leading."

# Feathered Architects at Work

Condensed from Nature Magazine (May '26)

L. W. Brownell

ANYONE who has ever closely examined a bird's nest and has fully realized that it was made by two little creatures with no other tools than their feet and bills must admit that it represents no insignificant job.

Not long ago it was my privilege to watch a pair of Red-eyed Vireos, one of our fairly common small-sized birds, during the entire time that they were occupied in the building of their nest.

The nest of this species is a rather small, cup-shaped affair hanging pendant from some small crotch, usually at or near the extreme end of a branch. It is a real marvel of symmetry and neatness. About two and one-half inches across and the same, or nearly so, in depth, it is compactly and strongly built and will withstand the storms of winter so well that it is often in almost as good condition the following spring as when it was first built. However, it is never used a second time by the birds, although, occasionally, a pair of white-footed mice will cover over and occupy one of these during the winter.

It is constructed of coarse grasses, strippings from dead weed stems, the inner bark of cedar, strips of grape-vine bark and similar pliable material. The birds frequently exercise their artistic sense by adorning the outside with small scraps of paper, small cocoons, bits of spider's web and egg sacs and other like articles.

The situation of the nest was at the end of a low hanging branch of an apple tree and not more than five feet from the ground. I was fortunate in having found a pair of birds that continued undisturbed with their building operations while

stood, with my camera, only about three feet away.

The beginnings of the nest, the foundation so to speak, were made from long, coarse, dead grasses. These were laid loosely over the forks of the crotch, occasionally with a turn or two around the twig to hold them in position, and allowed to hang down in loops and streamers.

Gradually, as the birds continued to bring material the loose ends of these streamers were caught up and woven in with the new pieces. The foundation began to take shape. At first it seemed as though the birds were working at random, simply placing the material they brought with little thought as to what the final outcome would be. But, as they progressed, it could be seen that they were working with a definite method and each new piece of material brought had its allotted position as surely as do the boards, beams and rafters in a human abode. Nor were the pieces chosen at random but selected with some care as to their fitness and I noticed upon several occasions that if a piece was brought that, after several trials, did not exactly fit the requirements, it was discarded and another piece sought to take its place. By the time that I left, in the late afternoon of the first day, I could see that the birds were gradually bringing order out of chaos.

On the second day, the nest began to take a definite shape, although still quite unkempt looking. All the work so far had been done by the birds while clinging to the branches and bending far over to push and pull each piece into position with their bills, cleverly interweaving it with those already there. Often they would literally stand upon



their heads. This process was continued during the greater part of this day, but by the middle of the afternoon the shell had sufficient strength to bear the weight of the builder's body. Thereafter each bird upon arriving with a new piece of material would, after first attaching and partly weaving it into the body of the structure, settle down into the nest, shaping it with its body and at the same time twitching and pulling the piece into position. Often one of the birds, usually the female, would remain in the nest while her mate brought her material. She would turn round and round, pulling at this piece, giving a tug at that, tucking in some loose end here and another there, until all were settled to her entire satisfaction. Then, if her mate had not brought some more material, off she would go to find some for herself. Frequently I saw her pull out some piece that had already been woven in, evidently unsatisfactorily, and adjust it over again or discard it entirely.

Throughout the third day a much smaller amount of material was added. The birds spent much of their time in shaping and adjusting the nest. Occasionally, when they seemed to find a spot that needed strengthening they would leave and be gone for some time, probably having difficulty in finding just the piece needed. During this day also they brought pieces of material that seemed to be merely for adornment. These they attached to the outside of the nest and one could not but admit that they added to the beauty of the structure and possibly helped to blend the home with its surroundings. By six o'clock that evening, all that remained was to fit the lining in the nest.

The lining, in the case of the nest of the vireo, is almost always composed of fine strippings of bark from the grape-vine, and is usually not attached to the body of the nest but is woven together and fitted snugly inside. The lining may usually be

lifted out intact without injury to it or the rest of the nest.

The birds worked nearly all of the fourth day on the lining. They seemed to exercise great care in the selection of the material and to use the greatest pains in its adjustment. They would spend long periods in the nest, turning their bodies round and round and pressing each piece down firmly and smoothly after it had been woven in with the others. No piece was allowed to remain on edge, but all must lie flat and as evenly plaited as basket work.

The nest was now a finished article in every sense—firmly and compactly built to withstand all attempts of the elements to destroy it, and with the lining as smooth and symmetrical as though it had been pressed in by machinery. In a word, it was a work of art designed for use, and although I had watched practically every step of its construction I could not but wonder how they had accomplished it. Not the least wonderful feature of the performance is that they can do it with no previous training, for the first nest built by a pair of birds is almost, if not quite, as perfectly constructed as one built by a more experienced pair and the design is always the same.....

After the nest had served its purpose and the birds had left it, I took the nest home with me and proceeded to dissect it. It was necessary to use the greatest care in order to take out each piece whole. Once more I paid tribute to the marvelous art of weaving possessed by these birds, and I realized that I, nor any other human being, with all my ten fingers and every tool I might bring to my aid could ever hope to duplicate it. Finally, after some hours of steady work, I had it reduced to its component parts. How many pieces were there? A total of 1186 pieces! Quite a number for one pair of little birds to carry one by one and weave into the structure of a nest in less than four days of actual labor. Think it over and see if you agree.

# Higher Education For Business

Condensed from *Business* (May '26)

V. V. Phelps, Ph.D.

UNTIL the present generation business men have felt that education could do little for business—in fact, that the two did not mix. The idea is typified in the story told of Horace Greeley, editor of the New York Tribune, who once wanted an assistant. He put a placard in his window and at the bottom of the card was the warning "No college graduate or other horned cattle need apply."

Today business is being placed on the basis of a science. Business men realize the need of training for their employees. They want their sons trained as thoroughly as are the sons of professional men. They have come to realize that there are two ways of learning: (1) through your own experience, and (2) through the experience of others. To stumble and blunder your way, while trying to find out how to do things, is a costly and disheartening method—and perhaps you will never find out. People fail or succeed, because of certain principles that they apply. For law, for medicine, for engineering, these principles have been organized into courses of study. The same process is now going on for business.

The effort to set business upon a scientific basis is explained by Roger Babson in his *Business Fundamentals*: "My search for information on what makes a successful business man brought out just one idea. I found that for 5000 years business men had been succeeding by guess. Young men by the millions had started in with a common ambition to succeed. A small fraction of them learned, quite by accident, the combination that would work in their particular calling. They succeeded and prospered. The others struggled, groped, wore themselves out, and died. The following generation—

the rich man's son and the poor man's son—started in exactly where their fathers had started, as far as any real knowledge was concerned. And each succeeding generation was forced to start at the bottom without any of the knowledge or experience gained by those who had experimented and struggled for hundreds of years before. This profitless repetition showed the need for some sort of organized knowledge on the most important of all businesses—that of making a living."

A recent folder of Harvard University, *Business a Profession*, says that "about 90 per cent of the American people are supported directly by mechanical and agricultural industry and business, and the remaining ten per cent are supported by general business indirectly." And yet the ignorance of business principles is the stigma of modern education. Think, for example, of the millions of dollars lost annually by foolish investments; and you will realize that it is time for education and business to serve mankind adequately.

The 19th century running back into the 18th is called the period of "industrial revolution," because it revolutionized the industrial life and living conditions of the world. The present century running back slightly into the past may well be called the period of the "educational revolution," because it is the age when education is revolutionizing everything else.

This educational revolution germinated about the time of the Civil War. Printing presses began to pour forth books, newspapers and magazines. Comparatively few people could read, and most of them had to be satisfied with looking at the pictures. The postal system was developing and people wanted to write letters to their relatives and

friends moving into the great West. Accordingly, the public school system came into existence.

But people wanted more education. They began talking about high schools. In 1870 high schools were being debated as a questionable desirability. The president of one of our great universities told me that when he was principal of the academy at Evanston, Ill.—high schools were then called academies—the question came up annually whether the high school should be continued. Some people were so radical as even to begin talking about state universities, where the children of all of the people might be educated. And in 1862, Abraham Lincoln signed the Land Grant Act, making it possible for the states to establish state universities.

So, after the Civil War, state universities began popping into existence. But until about 1900, the time-honored, traditional, private-religious universities consoled themselves with the fact that the masses would never stand to be taxed for graduate schools and higher research, so that the private schools still could retain a hold upon the training of the people who, after all, would be the leaders of thought. But graduate schools now have been established in all our state universities.

One generation gets the public school. The next generation gets the high school. The third generation gets the state university. The fourth gets the graduate school. The fifth generation evidently is getting the city university and higher education in business. And the sixth generation appears to be going to get national universities and an international university, steps for which are already under way. And still it will be a generation before the 100th anniversary of the birth of popular education in America.

The history of higher education is interesting. The first college in America was Harvard College, founded in 1636, as a theological school. The old idea that only a

minister required an education still prevailed. When Yale College was founded in 1702, the curriculum was extended to include the teaching of law. But until the time of the American Revolution virtually all colleges were theological schools. Physicians and others received no training, other than that which they picked up as "apprentices." These apprenticeships under some man actively pursuing an occupation gradually expanded into the pick-up schools and trade schools. These schools increased their courses of study from a few months to a year, then to two and three and four years. At first the law and medical schools were trade schools, requiring no preliminary training, the students studying as apprentices and then later at afternoon and evening classes.

In the last ten years the business departments of universities have increased from 12,000 to 80,000. And the colleges of business in the various universities rapidly are becoming the universities' largest colleges. The enrollment of full-time students in business at the University of Pennsylvania for the current year is 2573; at the University of Illinois, 2034; at Ohio State University, 1644; at New York University, 1330; and at Syracuse, 1088.

The first distinct college of business was founded at the University of Pennsylvania in 1881, by a Philadelphia merchant. In 1898, the University of California started the second school of business. Shortly after 1900, schools of business were established at Chicago and Wisconsin. In 1908, the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration came as a jolt to the traditional educators of New England. And yet today only two of the 25 largest universities of America lack schools of business. Many of these colleges of business are housed in magnificent buildings, costing over a million dollars each. For its School of Business Administration, Harvard recently received five million dollars. All told, there are now over 50 large universities with Schools of Business.

# The Vanishing Proprietor

Excerpts from Harper's Magazine (May '26)

John T. Flynn

**A** FAVORITE nourishment once recommended to the young man setting out on his career was the "bread of independence." This bread is a food which is supposed to be eaten by those who acknowledge no master, who draw their sustenance from no man's pay-roll, who, in short, are their own bosses.

Around commencement time last year I heard a very important business man addressing a group of young men. "Go into business on your own account, however small," he said. "Learn to earn and eat the bread of independence."

I saw a quaint old photograph recently of the directors of the Chamber of Commerce of a large city. All but two were manufacturers and merchants who owned their own establishments. Upon looking up the directors of this same Chamber today, I found them to be employees—very important employees to be sure, but nevertheless, in the true sense of the term, members of the great fraternity of the pay-roll.

The simple truth is that the bread of independence is passing away as an article of food. The old distinction between employer and employe is losing a little of its ancient meaning. We are now almost all employes from Judge Gary, of the United States Corporation, down to the humblest office boy. The simon pure employer, the independent proprietor, is vanishing from our midst. We are all hopelessly job-holders. The corporations now are nearly the universal employers, and men are their hired hands.

There is a new cult among us. It is called Mass Production. The principle of large-scale operations as a means of cheapening costs has been set up as an industrial creed. And this principle of mass production is

reducing potentially the number of our independent proprietors.

Thirty years ago, with 63,000,000 people to be shod, we had twice as many shoe factories as we have today with twice the population. I could multiply statistics endlessly to the same purpose. The truth is that since the beginning of this century we have reduced the number of manufacturing establishments by 65,000. And this reduction has occurred despite the innumerable new industries which are turning out motor cars, phonographs, radios, electrical apparatus, washing machines, office machinery, and the thousand and one devices which make of modern life an adventure in engineering.

Moreover, while the number of factories is steadily diminishing, those which remain are being formed into groups under single proprietorships. Take, for example, the group of factories making locomotives, engines, and airplanes. Ten years ago there were 446 separate establishments. Now there are but 249. Ten years ago there were 200 proprietors. Now there are but 45. There are one-half the number of factories. There are but one-fourth the number of proprietors.

Now, while mass production is cutting down the number of factories, and consolidations are forming the surviving large units into great producing groups, the ownership of all is coming more and more into the hands of corporations. When Roosevelt went out of office, independent individual factory owners were making 25 per cent of our product. Ten years later they were dividing a mere 13 per cent among them. Apparently, they are losing ground at the rate of about one per cent of our entire factory production a year. If this con-

tinues, the individual proprietor in manufacturing will be extinct in less than a score of years.

The last stand of the small proprietor, of course, is in the neighborhood stores. But the chain has broken into that field. Against this fast-growing giant the little merchant is waging a desperate battle. And the chains sweep on. In 1924 there were 384 separate grocery-store chain systems. In many cities one-half the grocery business is in the hands of the chain stores. The Great Atlantic and Pacific Company alone opened 1100 new stores in 1924; 2200 in 1923, and 2266 the year before that. It is now the old-fashioned wholesaler and retailer combined against the chain. The former two eat up from 30 to 35 cents of every dollar in overhead, while the chain stores consume only half that much. It is not difficult to predict the outcome of such a battle.

Twenty-five years ago there were 25 drugstore chain systems. Now there are 327 and they have already devoured one-fifth of our drug business. The five and ten cent stores have killed off the little old-fashioned notion stores.

There are shoe-store chains, cigar-store chains, bakery, restaurant, optical goods, shirt, necktie, silk, hotel, and theater chains. And now Mr. Filene, the far-seeing Boston merchant, says the department store will have to turn to the chain idea to hold its place. And it is doing so.

Even the professions are not exempt from the corporation. Years ago, when a thousand property owners died, they left a thousand executors, who hired a thousand lawyers to settle the estates. Now these same thousand decedents leave a single executor—some large trust company. The estate is piloted through probate ostensibly by Brown, Jones and Smith. But this firm is in reality just the legal department of the trust company, with offices in the trust company building and a pay-roll met by the trust company every Saturday, at the top of which appear the names of Brown, Jones and Smith themselves. "Legal

Departments" are springing up in all the larger corporations with "Attorney Generals" and a horde of lesser solicitors and barristers on the pay-roll.

The truth is that personal proprietorship is passing rapidly and with it the social order under which most of those now living were reared.

But if the corporations have swallowed us, we in turn are performing a similar office for them. For while the corporations have been busily taking over business, the people no less industriously have been taking over the corporations.

William K. Vanderbilt once boasted that he owned 87 per cent of the New York Central Railroad. Today, the Vanderbilt family owns but 6 per cent of its shares. The Great Northern was once a sort of registered trade name for James J. Hill. The Great Northern now has 44,905 stockholders. The 20 largest between them hold a little more than 10 per cent of the stock. And Hill's son, the president, is not among them. It is not so very long ago when six men owned more than 51 per cent of the stock of the Standard Oil Company. Now, the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey (exclusive of its 33 subsidiaries) has over 40,000 stockholders. And the holdings of the present board of directors, including Jones, the Chairman of the Board, and Teagle, the President, aggregate just about two-tenths of one per cent.

Most of the old barons of industry are either dead or passing from power. A few of their fortunes, of course, remain intact. But more of them have given way under the strain of family quarrels, charitable bequests, unwise successions, and the inexorable corrosion of surtaxes and tax exemptions. Meanwhile the vast organizations they left clamor voraciously for more and more funds in order to live and fatten and grow. And thus hordes of new partners are haled in from the highways—millions of them—so that the stake of the industrial leaders in the corporations grows daily smaller and they hold their control with an ever-diminishing percentage of stock.



# What Is a Religious Man?

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly* (May '26)

*Joseph Fort Newton*

**C**LEARLY a line must be drawn between religion and theology. One is the truth of life in its warmth and radiance, its joy and pathos; the other is a system of reasonings and conjectures by which man seeks to justify, clarify, and interpret the faith by which he lives. Religion is poetry; theology is prose. It is the difference between a flower garden and a book of botany, a manual of astronomy and a sky full of stars. As one does not have to know the facts of botany in order to enjoy a bed of violets, so one need not be an adept in the mysteries of dogma in order to live the religious life. Men lived by the grace of religion ages before theology was born.

In the same way temples, altars, creeds, feasts, fasts, and solemn ritual words are not religion. They are attempts to utter in symbol, or to invoke by sacrament, the mystery and the meaning of life. Religion is no abstract thing; it is life itself—"the life of God in the soul of man," as Scroggall said three centuries gone by. It is the living truth by which we live, the art by which we learn to live—how to be, how to do, how to do without, how, as Dante said, to make our lives eternal.

Since religion is a Divine Life, it can no more be shut up in a creed or a rite than spring can be shut up in a garden; it takes all the shapes that truth and love and duty take. The greatest of all teachers did not use the word "religion" at all, but always the word "life" instead, saying that He had come that men might have life more abundantly. With Jesus religion does not consist in a few acts of worship

and alms, much less in a set of dogmas; it is not one thing, but the spirit in which we do everything, if it be only to give a cup of cold water. Many kinds of life must be lived, and no one kind has a right to be called religious, to the exclusion of others. Every task is sacred, the humblest no less than the highest, which makes for growth and service; and all things are holy which draw men into fellowship and promote justice and beauty in the earth. So far from limiting life, religion sanctifies it, sets it free, and reveals the eternal values in the arts and acts of each day.

It may be said that, in the view here set forth, if religion be everything, it ceases to be anything. Or else if all thoughts, all feelings, all acts are, or may be, religious, it embraces what is included under morality, and we are using more words than we need. Of course, for purposes of analysis we may isolate one aspect of life, separating religion from morality, but in actual experience they blend, they are interwoven. Life is one, personality is one. Indeed, my point is that religion, as the Latin word for it implies, is the unifying spirit of all life. It is not a separate faculty or interest or instinct, but rather a unity of interests—the organizing spirit among the values of life.

The basis of life is a sense, vague or vivid, of the "something universal" which unites things into a whole. Nature and events, as Goethe held, are the language of God, silent and incessant, of which we may read here a word and there a stanza.

As has been said, it ought to be the joy of a religious man to recognize the

precious thing called religion, in what guise soever it may hide. In whatever degree of development or form of manifestation, it is a voice out of the heart of life, an undertone of melody by which we hope that a medley of sound will yet become a great world-song. Surely it is an error to draw hard and fast lines in a matter so intimate for, as Wesley saw, all partake, in some degree, of the common sacrament of the spiritual life in which each finds strength for today and hope for the morrow.

We have need of a clearer eye for the realities of religion, and less worship of mere words; more insight, more understanding, more toleration. The life of the spirit is holy whatever shape it may take. Only it may be rather thin betimes, and one needs to be on guard against unrealities of all sorts, especially in our day, when we are in danger of a new kind of cant, not in the Church, but outside among a host of folk who tell us that love is God, and work is worship, and the green fields are a temple, as indeed they are; though lip service is no better out of doors than in. As someone has said, a lot of paper money is being circulated in the form of fine phrases with little bullion behind it.

It may be said that if men want God they will find Him, now as always; but to ignore the law of fellowship by which we learn together what none may know alone is to make the quest harder. It is not wise to forget those forms and symbols and old and sweet customs in which are enshrined the wisdom and faith of the past, and lose thereby the mystic continuity of inheritance in the deepest things of life. . . .

Still the wonder remains how so many sincere people do keep religion and everyday life in separate compartments. The explanation, no doubt, lies in the way in which they have

been brought up to think in regard to such matters. Much of what is called religion, as usually interpreted, conveys nothing real or helpful to the average man; it contains little to link on to life as he knows it. Its outlook is remote, its imagery alien. Its ideas and insights need to be restated in the terms of our time, so that men can understand it, lay hold of it, and attempt to live up to it. No idea of religion is worth anything that does not have a vital effect on character.

Much of our teaching has gone awry chiefly in the stress it has laid on belief rather than on life. According to Jesus, our religion does not consist in what we believe, but in what we see, what we do, what we are. A man may believe all the creeds and have little moral worth or spiritual loveliness. A man's religion is his life, what he acts upon and knows of the meaning of life and his duty in it.

In the meantime, we want finally to get rid of the idea that a bad man who believes a creed is more religious than a good man who does not. As Jesus put it, the sheep and the goats are not believers and unbelievers, but the unselfish and the selfish. Religion is not safety; it is service. It is not a plan by which we escape Hell and get into Heaven, but a life of fellowship and ministrant good-will, uniting us with the stream of goodness that was in the world before we came, and will still be flowing when we are gone. As a rule the best men are not those who are most sure of their salvation, or think most about it. They are those who, while aware of their failings and limitations, do not indulge in morbid reflections on their own spiritual state, but put their power into a life of love guided by truth. Many a man who has only a hazy idea of what it means to love God is really doing it all the time, in the most real way, by helping his fellows along the road. Religion is not a thing apart from life, but life itself at its best.

# The Oil Crisis in Mexico

Condensed from *Liberty* (April 17, '26)

Gerald R. Severn

**O**IL has displaced gold as the cause of wars. Oil is the heart of the Mexican issue. Few persons realize how important a crisis in Mexican oil is to industry in the United States. Since May 14, 1901, Mexico has supplied practically one-quarter of the oil of the world.

The Tampico field contains the largest gusher in the world—Potrero del Llano No. 4—which produced more than 110,000,000 barrels after running wild for three months and pouring millions of gallons into the Buena Vista River. There are a dozen wells with records of more than fifty million barrels. The Cerro Azul No. 4, which came in on February 9, 1916, went wild for nine days, running 260,858 barrels a day, and after being capped produced eighty million barrels and is still producing, with a chance of passing the production of Potrero del Llano No. 4.

Mexico last year discovered more oil than any field in the world, although shipments decreased. Wells have been drilled faster than pipe lines and ships could take the oil away. As a result, enough big producing wells have been drilled and capped to supply the world for a long time. The Mexican administration, which is now claiming all oil lands, could take possession and unload hundreds of millions of barrels of oil merely by turning a valve and without the further investment of a cent.

The plain facts of the Mexican situation are these:

Two billion dollars of foreign investments in oil, more than one billion dollars in mining, and approximately another billion dollars in ranching, agriculture and business would be practically confiscated by Mexico under

a strict interpretation of the new land and petroleum laws.

There is no doubt of Mexico's right, legal and moral, to enact laws governing ownership of land or mineral rights by aliens, but Mexico's right to dictate who shall own, control, and operate industries already established, legally purchased, and recognized by its own supreme court, is disputed.

The big international principle involved is whether a government may confiscate property of aliens, and whether the legislative branch of any government may overrule the decisions of its Supreme Court.

The big source of misunderstanding in all the Mexican situation is the idea that foreigners are operating on concessions. Yet no foreign oil company operating in the Tampico field does so on concession from the government, past or present. Every one purchased from private holders the rights to drill for oil.

When oil was first found in Mexico, President Porfirio Diaz was in power. The only "concessions" I can find in the history of oil development in Mexico were made then. Diaz, to encourage the investment of foreign capital in Mexico, arranged to have the export tax on oil, and the import tax on oil machinery removed.

The overthrow of Diaz and the coming of Madero brought fresh complications. The Madero government, when it came into power, proceeded to collect from the oil producers the taxes that Diaz had remitted, and the oil companies were compelled to pay.

The other charge against American and other alien investors is that they have aided and abetted in revolutions, and the charge against the oil com-

panies in the Tampico field is, specifically, that they bribed Peleaz, once a famous bandit operating in eastern Mexico.

The oil companies (especially Pan-American) admit paying tribute to Peleaz. He was ravaging the district and demanded that the oil companies pay him. They appealed to the Mexican government without result, then to the American State Department, which communicated with the Carranza government. The Mexican government replied that Peleaz was in control of the district, and advised paying, lest Peleaz destroy property. The oil companies paid tribute to him, and also paid the government at Mexico City at the same time. Strangely enough, Peleaz later was taken into the government, and made a general in the Mexican army.

The validity of the original oil leases and purchases never has been questioned by Mexico. American, British, and Dutch investors had the assurance of Mexican law, which declared that oil is the exclusive property of the land owner, and precedent of five distinct decisions of the Mexican Supreme Court upon which to base their investments, and they poured their money into oil development without any thought of a change of conditions.

Then, in 1917, Mexico adopted a new constitution and, in Article 27, it declared the ownership of all petroleum lands to be vested in the nation. This adoption scared the oil men, and checked investment, though it was not enforced. Americans and others were afraid to invest lest the confiscatory clauses be put into effect. As a result the number of Mexican workers directly employed dropped from seventy thousand to thirty-five thousand, bringing want to many.

The Mexican Government, however, reassured investors and intimated that nothing would disturb their possession of the oil lands.

Then early this year the Calles government announced its intention of putting into immediate effect the pro-

visions of the 1917 constitution, and of enforcing the Alien Land and Petroleum laws.

The Alien Land law provides that no foreigner may acquire ownership of lands or waters within sixty-two miles of the frontiers or thirty-one miles of seacoasts; that foreign individuals or corporations may not hold more than a minority interest in any Mexican company; and that an alien in order to own any part of Mexican land, water, or minerals must renounce his rights under international law by agreeing not to ask the protection of his own government. It orders that any interest acquired by a foreigner prior to the promulgation of the law must be disposed of, either by the individual during his lifetime or by his heirs within five years, and that foreign corporations owning more than fifty per cent of stock must sell within ten years.

The situation has been getting more and more serious for more than two years as the Calles government has developed and strengthened its position.

In addition to these troubles, the oil companies have been harassed in another way, quite as effectively as Peleaz harassed them. Two lawyers, one of whom was a member of Carranza's cabinet, have been bringing suits against them in the name of obscure Mexican citizens who claim rights, based on alleged kinship with the original sellers, in the lands purchased by the oil companies. Some companies have paid to the fourth and fifth generation of cousins to get clear title—and then discover that the government owns the oil and land.

What is the remedy? American intervention?

"No," said one of the big oil men. "I've never been an interventionist. I don't believe in it. The Mexican may be poor and miserable, but it is his country and he loves it."

"What, then, is the solution?" I asked.

He shrugged despairingly.

# On Making Friends

Excerpts from "Things That Have Interested Me" (Third Series)

By Arnold Bennett (George H. Doran Company)

**P**ROBABLY it has occurred to few people that next-door neighbors are always peculiar, or mysterious, or quite unaccountable, or disagreeable, or unbearable, or criminal. This is extremely true of next-door neighbors in large cities.

Take a long street of similar houses. The character of the houses and all the appurtenances thereof would seem to indicate that the tenants are just nice, orderly persons with normal ideas and habits—in fact, that their notions about the right way to live, love, eat, drink, and dress are very much alike.

Yet every household has two next-door neighbors, and every household will tell you that its neighbors are most odd and surely not quite what they ought to be. Nothing is known about them for certain; but the household can join one bit of evidence to another, add 2 and 2 together (and make either 4 or 14)! The neighbors neglect their garden, or they waste their whole lives in cultivating their absurd garden; they play the wrong tunes at the wrong times on the piano; they rise at such weird hours; they never go to bed, or they are always in bed; the husband takes strange trains to business, and he has to run to his train, or, being ridiculously methodical, he reaches the station too early. Then the window curtains—you never saw such window curtains; and the funny parcels that are delivered at the house! And so on and so on. Such an inexplicable family!

Thus speaks No. 10 of No. 9 and No. 11. (But No. 10 does not realize, or cannot believe, that No. 9 is speaking in precisely the same manner of No. 10 and No. 8.) The whole street from end to end is populated

by nice, normal people, who are also odd, dubious people! Suspicion reigns. There are no definite accusations. Oh no! One must be just, and it is unfair to jump to conclusions. But one has to be careful.

You say I exaggerate. I do. But nobody acquainted with the life of streets of houses—far more interesting and baffling than the life of bees or beavers, to whose study so much brain-power has been devoted—will fail to recognize the essential truth hiding amid my exaggerations.

The complementary picture is a picture of a series of homes occupied by little groups of related people who, although continually getting on each other's nerves, are obstinately engaged in keeping themselves to themselves. They have the need of intercourse with other homes—and by the pride of their souls and the wilfulness of their minds they do all they can to discourage intercourse. From lack of enterprise and faith in mankind they deprive themselves of the greatest and most beneficial and the cheapest of all social distractions, thus for ever narrowing their lives and nourishing the sinister and insidious plant of boredom. And there they all are (existing, not living) in rows and rows of little solitudes, equivalent to desert isles, up and down all sorts of streets!

And this picture also is exaggerated, and this picture also is essentially true. I have known thresholds that are never crossed by visitors, and some families that have no friends whatever. And further, I maintain that the large majority of families have not nearly enough friends—in other words, that the



marvelous institution of friendship is very inadequately exploited by the generality of citizens.

Nevertheless, I would not have you offer any direct advance to your next-door neighbor. I would only have you abstain from deliberately avoiding the casual opportunities which come at intervals for an amiable encounter.

You may ask: "Why should I bother to make acquaintances? I have enough to do to look after my own affairs without looking into other people's."

To which question there are two answers. First, unless you are unusually situated you haven't enough to do in looking after your own affairs. A vast number of mature and respectable persons, if not the majority, go to bed too early simply because they find the evening tedious from lack of occupation. They can think of nothing else to do, and so they go to bed. A doctor in large general practice once told me that his experience had taught him that people slept too much. Indeed, his phrase was: "They sleep themselves stupid." I am convinced that this is the fact.

And the second answer is that there is no suggestion of being "bothered" with acquaintances. You don't make acquaintances with a view to improving their eternal welfare, but with a view to improving your own. It is true that when acquaintance has developed into friendship you may have the rare and precious opportunity to render help in misfortune—than which there can be no more satisfactory experience. But that is by the way. You make acquaintances in order to keep yourself alive. Millions of dead individuals go to and fro in the world, and do not suspect that they are dead. Nevertheless they are dead—because they are not alive. And you make acquaintances in order that they may pull you out of yourself, out of your self-complacency, out of your certainty that your views are the only right views.

Nearly all friendless people—I

mean those who might have friends but won't—are opinionated, narrow-minded, disdainful, in addition to being half-blind and half-deaf. Contact, the friction of contact, is needed to stimulate life and to sharpen sensations. It is as beneficial as massage to the body.

Again, if you happen to be the head of a household with an uprising family, and you do not cultivate friendships because you don't want to be disturbed in your everlasting doze, how do you expect the boys, and especially the girls, to meet the mates whom they are entitled to meet and ought to meet. I have known heads of families who, having steadfastly discouraged acquaintance-making for a quarter of a century, have had the nerve superiorly to twit their daughters with being old maids!

But none of the above reasons is the real reason for creating a circle of friends. The real reason is that it is amusing, distracting, interesting to do so. To be "interested in people," curiously and benevolently interested, not censoriously interested, is one of the finest resources that a man possesses against ennui and the disappointings of life.

A handicap in making friends is the secret conviction of one's own dullness and unattractiveness. Now I will not say that there are no dull persons on earth; but I will say that I have never known one. Some people are more interesting, some people are less interesting, but all people are interesting; and the man who is convinced that he can interest nobody ought to try hard to get rid of this absurd and disastrous delusion. Every spirit has its fellow, and most spirits have hundreds and thousands of fellows. Your town is full of your fellow-spirits. But to get at them you must have faith in yourself. It is a terrible scourge to think, as too many of us do, that in some mysterious way we are unique and cut off from mankind. Nobody is unique. Everybody has points of sympathy with everybody else. All social existence proves this.

# Why Is Business Left Out?

Condensed from the Nation's Business (May '26)

Frank R. Kent

**E**VERY little while it occurs to us to remember that government, international relationships, war and politics, are purely matters of business and that, above all, history, in its truest sense, is really a gigantic trade report covering thousands of years.

Today we are being reminded that nothing is more important than American business; that never before has business been so definitely in the forefront of all our national and international affairs; and that, therefore, the most important function of government is to protect and nurture business. This seemingly sudden importance of business is being talked about as though it were something quite new, but if any such philosophy is new, then the Medici are members of the New York Stock Exchange.

The trouble with the average man's understanding of the place business affairs occupy in his country's government and history is that he has never been properly taught either business or history. Everything he has read, the general tenor of the news dispatches upon government affairs which he has scanned—all have tended to give him the conviction that all history and government have depended solely upon soldiers, politicians and statesmen.

It is all due, of course, to the way history books have been written and the way history has been taught. The historian, while essentially a chronicler of facts, has also been something of a romancer and a dramatist. He has felt the necessity of making his books readable and salable; and there were at hand scores of dramatic, romantic, colorful personalities—the personalities of orators, politicians, states-

men—all fully equipped with anecdote, atmosphere and tradition.

Hence history is so largely a political record or a military record or both—at least the greater part of American history. Seldom does it throw upon the screen, in the proportions they deserve, the great and influential characters of American business; and this despite the fact that these characters really were as dramatic and romantic as any soldier or politician that ever drew a sword or kissed a farmer's wife's baby.

Very little of the real connected story of American business has crept into our serious historical works. Therefore a very thrilling and very important story remains to be written about these United States; its history told in the terms of trade and finance.

The story of the beginnings and development of railroading in the United States would outstrip almost any other historical chronicle imaginable in adventurous thrills alone, to say nothing of its superior merit as a light upon the real character of the Americans of those days. Yet we search through a two-volume history of the United States edited by historians of unimpeachable authority and, concerning the beginnings of the romance of railroading in this country, we find these two sentences:

"In 1828 the first spike was driven in the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad by the venerable Charles Carroll, the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence; and three years later a locomotive was hauling cars over a railroad in South Carolina. Within 12 years over 2000 miles of railroad were in operation."

That, in two large volumes, is the sum total of the discussion by these historians concerning the first decade of railroading—railroading that hastened the nation's fullness of power more than any other single influence, that effaced wilderness and created civilization almost between darkness and dawn—without which, indeed, our national history might still be a history of scalpings and buffalo hunts.

Yet for three and one-half pages these same historians talk in the next chapter about how Andrew Jackson startled the country when he became President by firing from their old jobs in Washington a large crowd of government clerks!

Pittsburgh, one might think, would be irresistible to the historian who really wanted to produce a work that quivered with typically American life. In Pittsburgh he would find the whole story of steel, a melting-pot business epic, a virile romance of purest United States serene. But look this 1100-page history of our country over, and what do we find about Pittsburgh? We find these things:

First, on page 191, that in 1757 the name of the city was changed. Second, on page 621, that the Free Soil Party held a national convention there in 1852 and nominated for President and Vice President two men who straightway sank into oblivion. Third, on page 653, that the Republicans held their convention in the city in 1856. Fourth, on page 706, that Lincoln spoke there on his way to his first inauguration. Fifth, on page 919, that in 1877, millions of dollars worth of property were destroyed in Pittsburgh in the railroad strikes that year. Thus have historians written of a business city.

Thus has the average historian shunned the historical possibilities of American business.

Our first treaty with a foreign power was negotiated with France by Benjamin Franklin, Silas Deane and Arthur Lee in 1778. Today we know little of it except as an event in diplomacy, but it is significant that this first treaty entered into by the United

States was a commercial or business treaty and not a treaty of military or political alliance.

The things that historians tell us immediately ensued are of vast interest to the student of international law and of diplomacy. But what did the business men of that day think, do and say about them? On this the historians are silent.

What, indeed, were our business men thinking, doing, and saying about anything through all that post-war period when the new country was trying to find its feet? It is quite evident that they were doing something. Our foreign trade was sufficiently brisk and important to make other nations jealous of us, yet the average man's impression of our great business war with England is an impression made up of battle images—Perry at Lake Erie, press gangs, the burning of the Capitol at Washington, Francis Scott Key and "The Star Spangled Banner." He knows little or nothing of the fortunes that turned upon battles, of the risks and chances our big foreign traders took, or who our big foreign traders were, of the cargoes they shipped into the very teeth of the struggle, or the returning caravans they waited for while the guns of the fleet roared and the armies' muskets rattled.

The business history of America must be written. We are not, and never have been, a nation of great diplomats. We have had some great soldiers; but ours is not a war history; we have had much more peace than war.

We have had some great statesmen; but probably many of them were only tin-pot statesmen after all. But there never has been anything tin-potty about the history of American business.

It is for our wealth, our commercial ability, our power in trade and industry that other nations respect us. When the rest of the world reads our history it wants to read the history of our development of those things. And that is the history someone should write.

# Dreams

Condensed from the American Review (March-April '26)

M. C. Otto

IT was June. Three college chums, "Harry," "Frank," and "Wick," were talking together. They were seniors, and they were discussing plans for the more strenuous life so soon to begin. Finally, a project took form. They would discover and restore the fossil record of the animal life that had populated this continent before man had walked the earth. To this they would devote their lives.

It will be a half century next June since this bargain was struck. Today "Wick" and "Harry" are known the world round in the field to which they that day gave their lives. "Wick" is William Berryman Scott of Princeton University. The mass of fossil remains he has collected, the books he has written, the men he has trained to continue the work, are an impressive consummation of a dream. And "Harry" is Henry Fairfield Osborn, Head of the American Museum of Natural History, hunter of fossil animals in many climes. His captures would stock a museum. His books would fill a library shelf. And "Frank," the late Francis Speir, Jr., although obliged by circumstances to abandon paleontology for law, was an essential factor in putting through the first western expedition and an active member of three others. Many of the choicest specimens in the Princeton Museum are credited to his remarkable skill. In each case an undergraduate dream took on real and magnificent shape as time nibbled away the years.

Nothing shows the power of such dreams more clearly than the fact that they cause men to surrender money, reputation, life itself. Giordano Bruno serves as one example among many. He was a mere youth in a monastery in Naples. The idea men entertained of the universe was too narrow. He would lead them to

a bigger vision. He would teach them that the universe was infinite in extension, filled with countless worlds. For over 25 years he was chased from city to city in Italy, Switzerland, France, England—agitating, teaching, writing. A poor man, exiled, homesick for sunny Italy, why did he not at least pretend to give up his dream and secure the comfort and friends and fame which might have been his? When at last the choice had to be made between the dream and life itself, why did he prefer to die, to be burned to death in Rome? Why, indeed, if the dream was not the central reality of his life?

There is another proof of the reality of these dreams. They transform the dreamer. Introduce the right kind of dream into the life of the youth who seems indifferent or downward bent and the problem is met. The illustrations are again numerous, though we limit ourselves to one. When Charles Darwin graduated from Cambridge he considered himself a failure, according to his autobiography. From his early boyhood he had attended the foremost educational institutions, but his teachers had failed to discover his capacity. Even his father, taking him out of one school to try another, said, "Charles, you'll be a disgrace to yourself and all your family."

Well, Charles did not disgrace himself, but made his name illustrious. What happened? A dream. It took shape out of a letter suggesting the possibility of his going as naturalist-in-the-making in *The Beagle* on her scientific expedition around the world. He recognized the hour to the end of his life as his second birthday. Under the persuasive influence of a dream to add something to scientific knowledge his passion for sport was gradually replaced by the greater

joy of observing and reasoning. Under its tutorship he returned from the voyage an educated youth. Through 40 years of ill-health he devoted his extraordinary mind to one biological problem after another. A ne'er do well of the schools was transformed into a master in the realm of mind. Credit it to a great dream.

Great dreams not only remake the dreamer; they transform the world. This is a final witness to their reality. A galaxy of names might be cited, but none is more romantic than that of William Crawford Gorgas. He actualized his vision in the greatest sanitary achievement of history, and thereby not only profoundly altered the present conditions of life in vast areas of the world but opened up possibilities to be realized later.

Mosquitoes filled every nook and cranny of Havana. At times they settled over the community almost like a cloud. To run around the city attempting to banish yellow fever by killing these gnats—what occupation could have seemed more useless? Not so, thought Gorgas. For ten years preceding his coming the toll from yellow fever in Havana had been more than 500 lives a year. But in less than four years the scourge had been mastered.

"From this date," we are told in his biography, "his life took on a new meaning. What had been done in Cuba, could be done in other disease-ridden countries." The Panama Canal was under way. The reputation of the Isthmus as the stalking ground of death had traveled to every quarter of the earth. Was America to repeat the failure of France? It all depended upon what America did with the mosquito. American public opinion would not permit the sacrifice of 3500 lives a year (the probable slaughter), canal or no canal. Therefore, the next opportunity was in the Isthmus. An experienced sanitarian was absolutely indispensable to the building of the Canal. Gorgas reported to the Surgeon-General. "And I should like to be that man," he added.

In less than six months after the opening of the campaign, yellow fever had been eradicated.

From the Isthmus the dream reached out to wider areas. Mexico and Central and South American countries still harbored yellow fever. It was this still greater task of completely exterminating yellow fever which challenged Gorgas. "To this I propose to give up the rest of my life," he said. And when in 1919 his body, wrapped in the Stars and Stripes, was borne to the funeral services in St. Paul's, this great world project, the ultimate effects of which no imagination can now predict, was well begun.

Dreams, according to the newer psychology, are nascent actions, actions in their embryonic form. It were well, then, to say to ourselves: Be careful to entertain *great* dreams. For dreams are the reflections of activities already in progress; they are in fact the actual beginnings of the transformation aimed at. Let them be the promise of a richer personality and a happier world.

At present the infant mortality of dreams is very high and most of those that live are sickly. We are at once brutally indifferent and sentimentally indulgent toward the idealistic ardor of youth. We need conditions more favorable for robust dreams. We need a wider vogue for realistic idealism.

Material things condition us on all sides, yet we all choose to some extent what sorts of things shall play the chief role in our lives. Therefore, hope lies in the resolute, intelligent development of human nature's fairer possibilities. We live in a time that challenges idealism as it has perhaps never been challenged before. We can accept the challenge with confidence if we may count upon trained minds and dedicated purposes. We can do great things—there is no doubt about it—great things, individually and socially, if we engage life armed to battle with realities, lured by the banners that are dreams.



# He Lived Two Great Lives

Condensed from Popular Science Monthly (May '26)

Robert E. Martin

ALMOST 100 years ago, as the packet ship *Sully* rode the sea from Havre to New York, a famous American artist sat at dinner with a group of distinguished passengers. The conversation turned to electricity, the new "fluid" the strange mysteries of which were arousing the interest of the world.

"I should like to know," spoke up one of the group, "whether the flow of electricity is retarded by the length of wire."

"Not at all," replied a well-known scholar from Boston.

"Well, if that is the case," said the artist, "I see no reason why intelligence may not be transmitted instantaneously by electricity."

No sooner had the words left his lips than Samuel Finley Morse realized with an overwhelming thrill that he had hit upon the secret of a tremendous invention. The significance of his words passed over the heads of his fellow passengers. But Morse was electrified. Abruptly he left the table and went on deck. In an instant Morse, the great artist, at the age of 41, was transformed almost miraculously into Morse, the great inventor of the telegraph.

As the ship sped toward America, Morse spent sleepless nights developing his idea. His mind was on fire. At last the *Sully* arrived in port, and Morse went to the skipper, Captain Pell, to say farewell. "Well, captain, he said, "if you should hear of the telegraph one of these days as the wonder of the world, remember the discovery was made on board the good ship *Sully*."

Seldom, if ever, has an inventor so completely grasped the full significance of an idea at the moment that idea was born in his mind, or so completely foretold its successful fulfillment. Yet in his supreme confidence

that he had brought forth a new wonder of the world, Morse little dreamed of the years of struggle, poverty and bitter discouragement he must pass before his invention could be put into practical service. To "sell" his idea to an unbelieving and scoffing public he sacrificed fame and position, already gained in another field, and devoted a dozen years of heart-breaking labor.

The extraordinary thing about Morse is that he was a man who lived two distinct lives, and who climbed from the bottom to success in each of them. In his life as an artist, he began as a strolling "peddler," barely keeping clothed and fed by painting portraits of New England country folk as he wandered from village to village. In less than a score of years, by dogged persistence, he became the foremost portrait painter in America, before whom sat presidents and generals and statesmen, and whose works, as head of the National Academy of Design, were acclaimed at home and abroad.

Then, just at the moment when he reached the height of fame as an artist, just when he was returning from triumphs in Europe, with bright prospects for financial ease and still higher honors, an inspiration caused him to renounce all and begin again—as an inventor.

Morse moved to a little garret room above a newspaper office in New York run by his two brothers. This room served as his living room, kitchen, bedroom and workshop. Here was repeated the old story of inventive genius contending with poverty. His funds had been exhausted in Europe. To support himself, he had to fall back on his paintbrush and to earn his bread by giving lessons in art.

His friends called him "visionary"; others called him a "mad prophet."

No electrical apparatus was available for his use; all of it he had to make himself. His "recording telegraph" was ingeniously simple. First, by means of clockwork, he caused a ribbon of paper to move beneath a pencil. The pencil moved up and down. When it touched the paper it made either a dot or a dash, according to the length of time it remained there. When lifted from the paper, it left a blank. Each of the various combinations of dots, dashes, and blanks represented a letter. The movements of the pencil were produced by an electromagnet actuated by a key which opened and closed the circuit.

Three years after the inception of his idea aboard the *Sully* the first rude telegraph apparatus was completed. Its birthplace was in the University of the City of New York, where Morse had been called as professor of arts and design. It worked! At the university, in 1837, Morse demonstrated his invention to an astonished group of scientists, transmitting telegraphic signs through 1700 feet of wire strung back and forth across the room. Another year brought the first public demonstration and the successful transmission, over ten miles of wire, of the first sentence ever recorded by telegraph: "Attention, the Universe! By kingdoms, right wheel!"

Meanwhile, Morse had invented the electric relay, one of the most brilliant of all his achievements, which made possible transmission through infinitely great distances. With high hopes, he went to Washington to ask the support of Congress for the construction of the first telegraph line. There, in the Capitol, he set up his apparatus and demonstrated it before President Van Buren and his cabinet, members of Congress, and men of science.

But in two years Congress had failed to act. Morse found himself stranded in New York without a cent, compelled to borrow money even for a meal. Plunged to the depths of disappointment and want,

he turned again to his easel and his brush for a living. Again he became a teacher of art.

In a final desperate effort to arouse public interest, Morse announced that he would string a line under water between Castle Garden in New York and Governor's Island, and that on a certain day the public could witness the exchange of messages. The night before the test, Morse hired a rowboat and laid the cable himself. The next morning a crowd assembled at the Battery. Morse, at his instrument, exchanged a few signals with his associate at the other end on Governor's Island, when suddenly the line went dead.

Morse quickly saw what the trouble was. Above the cable a number of vessels had anchored. One of them, in raising anchor, had pulled the cable with it. The crowd jeered.

But still he refused to be beaten. He borrowed money and went to Washington. Again he placed his invention in the Capitol. Day after day he stood there explaining, sometimes almost tearfully, its mysteries to indifferent Congressmen. Some believed in him; others scoffed.

An appropriation bill of \$30,000 for the telegraph was introduced. But the weeks dragged by, and no action was taken. And then happened one of those strange miracles which time and again have come to reward inventors who have refused to quit. In the closing hours of the session, the appropriation passed both houses of Congress.

Morse was selected to superintend the construction of a 40-mile telegraph line connecting Washington and Baltimore. Within the year it was completed. May 24, 1844, was the day for the test of the experiment on which Morse had labored for 12 years. Seated at his instrument, surrounded by high government officials, the inventor flashed to Baltimore the famous message: "What Hath God Wrought!"

# The Snake — Brazil's National Problem

Condensed from *The World's Work* (May '26)

Francis Gow Smith

**B**RASIL has one of the unique national problems of the world—that of saving annually the lives of thousands who are bitten by poisonous snakes—and so well has Dr. Vital Brazil coped with this problem that the Brazilians view him with awe and doff their hats when they pass him on the street. In 25 years of experimentation Dr. Brazil has evolved snake-bite serums so efficacious that death claims only 4.13 per cent of those victims who use the "cure." However, the annual death toll is still about 5000, or more than twice the toll of death in the deadly railroad grade-crossing accidents in the United States, which we consider a grave national problem. More than 20,000 persons feel the poisonous fangs in Brazil each year and the vast majority of those who escape death owe their lives to the serums developed by Dr. Brazil. India is the only country with a larger death roll from snake bite than Brazil.

The Seropathic Institute of Butantan was established by the Brazilian Government in 1899 for the purpose of fighting Brazil's 23 varieties of the reptilian plague. More than 65,000 venomous reptiles have passed through this Snake G. H. Q. in experiments and in making serum, and Dr. Brazil has become the only large scale "snake farmer" in the world. His institute is a central source of information about reptiles, and scientists from all over the world visit it.

In the jungle, while snakes multiply rapidly, producing as many as 35 young at a time, they are kept down by natural enemies. In the partly settled country, however, man upsets the balance of nature, so that the natural enemies of the snakes disappear. Moreover, man always brings rats and mice with him, and on these

the snakes thrive. The snakes find plenty of shelter in the tall grasses which no rancher is able to keep down, so fertile is the soil, and since the ranch hands will insist on going barefoot, despite concerted governmental propaganda on behalf of shoes, it is on the farms and not in the wilds that Brazil's appalling total of fatalities from snake bite is rolled up.

In 73 per cent of Dr. Brazil's recorded cases of snake bite the wound is in the foot or leg and in 22 per cent it is in the hand. These figures show the relative immunity of the normally covered portions of the body. The snakes' fangs cannot pierce even a canvas gaiter. And the poison is harmless unless injected into a wound. But once the venom pierces the skin, its effect is generally fatal, unless serum is used in time.

The Institute's snakes live in stone houses resembling Eskimo igloos. Fences and narrow moats filled with water prevent them from escaping. The snakes can't reach the wall without swimming the moat, and while in the moat, they can't get a purchase on anything solid to help them start the climb. The same principle governs the keepers' handling of them with sticks. The snake wiggles impotently from the stick, as it is helpless unless it can get at least a third of its body on something solid. Then it can strike only about half its length, and rarely above a man's knee.

The *surucucu*, or bushmaster, is one of the most dangerous snakes in Brazil. It grows to ten feet in length, with a circumference of one foot. I was told about one Indian, bitten by a *surucucu*, who fell, shivering and fainting, within a few moments after the bite, was shortly

unconscious and paralyzed, and died within a few hours. The *surucucu's* poison penetrates the system so rapidly that it causes little of the intense local suffering around the bite which is caused by most others of the Brazilian snakes, and in fact, this deadly poison is merciful in a way, since consciousness is lost so quickly.

Dr. Brazil's process of making serum is comparatively simple. At his privately owned snake farm at Rio de Janeiro, I saw the extraction of venom—the first stage in serum making. The snake was seized behind the head and its fangs forced against a shallow glass cup in the hands of another employe. The man who held the snake pressed on the poison glands and thus forced the venom out into the glass receptacle.

About a teaspoonful of venom was thus secured. When a working supply of venom has been secured, it is treated with glycerine and then allowed to stand, until the watery substance it contains has evaporated, and only the solids of the venom, now dissolved in glycerine, are left. Thereafter this venom is mixed with the venoms of other snakes of allied species, in proportion to the prevalence of each species.

This mixture of venoms is then injected into one of the horses kept at the institute for the purpose. The first dose is extremely minute, but every four or five days a slightly stronger dose is given. This goes on for as much as a year; although the period can be cut down to six months by first immunizing the horse with previously prepared serum, and then giving him a heavy dose of venom, reversing the other order and progressively diminishing the doses thereafter.

Nine days after the final treatment, six quarts of the horse's blood are drawn from the jugular vein, and from this the serum is prepared. From 10 to 30 cubic centimeters of serum are injected in the back, side, or abdomen of a snake bite victim,

and after some hours the dose is generally repeated. The effect of the serum is apparently to neutralize the poison until the patient's own defensive mechanism can organize to fight it.

As a government institution, the Butantan Institute does not sell its serum, but ships it to any applicant in return for a few poisonous snakes. By government regulations, the railroads carry free these boxes with their wiggling, venomous contents.

There are certain animals that have natural immunity against snake bite—snakes themselves, to begin with. The amount of rattler venom necessary to kill another rattler will kill a score of dogs, 60 horses, 600 rabbits.

For several years Dr. Brazil has been experimenting with natural allies in the war against poisonous reptiles. Two birds, the emu and the jaburu, eat snakes, as does the wild pig, but Dr. Brazil has now turned to the skunk as his "white hope." They have a pet skunk at the Rio snake farm. It will wander about among poisonous snakes, let them bite it as often as they want to; and when it gets ready it will pick out an appetizing rattlesnake, bite its head off, and eat the snake.

Investigations of this sort have led Dr. Brazil to turn his two snake farms into miniature zoos of cruel and unusual creatures. At Butantan, for instance, he has a poisonous frog—two or three times as large as an ordinary frog—which I was told can hurl venom on an enemy a foot away—one of the effects of the venom being said to be blindness. Dr. Brazil showed me also a deadly hairy spider, as big as a soup plate, that can leap upon its chosen prey—generally a bird—and kill it with one bite. At the Rio institute they are now developing serums to combat the bite of the poisonous frog, of the hairy spider, and of the poisonous gnats that are found in the interior of the country. But these efforts are largely experimental; the snake serum is of course the chief product of the enterprise.

## Are You a Crape-Hanger?

Condensed from the Woman's Home Companion (May '26)

Mary B. Mullett, In Collaboration with Dr. F. E. Williams

**T**HERE are just as many crape-hangers among the rich as among the poor. It isn't a question of how many troubles we have, or how few pleasures. It is a question of which one we *think* most about.

We know perfectly well that our friends don't want to hear about our trials, whatever these trials are; yet we have to overcome that mysterious and powerful impulse to talk about them.

"Why do we have this impulse?" I asked Dr. Williams.

"Fundamentally," he replied, "it is nothing more or less than a *bid for attention*. And the people in whom the impulse is strongest are the ones who in early childhood did not get the attention, or the kind of attention, they craved.

"Let's start with this fact: There is in every human being an instinctive craving for the approval of other human beings. We want them to notice us; to like and to admire us. In other words, we want to feel and to have them feel that we are making good. Even a little child has this strong desire.

"But suppose a mother is careless and indifferent. She may be always so busy that she pushes the child aside, when it wants to show her what it has been doing. She tells it to quit bothering her. Or perhaps it is the father who is indifferent, or cold, or irritated by the child's attempts to gain his attention. The craving for approval which is in the child as it is in us all is baffled and defeated.

"Now for the crape-hanging! One of the first things a child learns is

that if it cries it gets attention. As it grows older it is constantly learning more lessons along that line. For instance, if it tumbles down or pinches its fingers or bumps its nose it is instantly the object of solicitous care. Mother picks it up, pities it, kisses the spot to make it well.

"A child discovers over and over again that to be hurt or sick or in trouble of any kind brings attention! It is almost a sure-fire means of making oneself the center of interest.

"Moreover, children see how the same thing works with older people. They see their mother being pitied and waited on when she has a bad headache. They observe her carrying some particularly appetizing food to a sick neighbor. If their father is ill the whole household revolves around him.

"They learn that *any* kind of hard luck serves to focus attention on the victim of the misfortune.

"There probably isn't a single day in the life of the average child when it doesn't learn these lessons in the efficacy of *trouble* as a means of gaining attention; and attention of a peculiarly gratifying kind. If the child feels that it isn't making good, that it is failing to win the approval it craves, what could be more natural than that it should resort to this means of attracting notice?

"The crape-hanger impulse starts in childhood as an instinctive *bid for attention*. And that is exactly what it is in the grown person who is always complaining, always talking about his or her troubles: a *bid for attention*.

"The impulse can be overcome.



The best way to deal with it is to begin by understanding what it is. Realize that it is simply a bid for attention. When you parade your troubles you are exactly like the beggar on the streets. He parades his deformity, his blindness, his poverty, in an attempt to gain your sympathy and your alms.

"The woman who is always talking about her troubles is doing the same thing. She makes her appeal by telling you about her nervous breakdowns, her sorrows, her self-denials, her worries, her anxieties. When she catches herself doing this, let her picture herself as nothing but a beggar shaking a tin cup to attract the notice of passers-by. That will give her a salutary shock.

"The next thing for her to remember is that her crape-hanging is simply a subterfuge; an attempt to wheedle us into giving her the notice she doesn't win legitimately.

"I have seen people completely cured of their crape-hanging tendencies, their habit of complaining; and I think it always happens in one of two ways. If they really were failing, the cure comes by finding some work, or some effort, in which they did make good, and knew that they were making good. If they were people who were not failing, but who only thought they were, they were cured by finding out their mistake; by learning to believe that, in their own way, they were making some worth-while contribution to life.

"There is a deep satisfaction, contentment, almost complacency, in doing a thing well, no matter how small. It is a powerful antidote for self-pity. There must be some things you can do well. Get busy with those things! It will strike at the very root of the complaining habit; for that root is the old childish feeling that we have somehow failed to earn attention and so must make another kind of bid for it.

"And of course there is the obvious advice to devote your own attention to the pleasant things of life, instead of to the unpleasant ones."

I asked Dr. Williams how parents can keep a child from developing the habit of complaining.

"In the first place," he replied, "don't set the example! Don't be a crape-hanger yourself. Talk as little as possible, especially before children, of your own troubles. At least, don't talk of them complainingly. Do it constructively.

"By that I mean that you can discuss a trouble as something to be remedied, a difficulty to be overcome, a lesson to be learned. Take the attitude of 'Well, here's this! Let's see what we can do about it!' To take that attitude is one way of preparing a child to meet the emergencies which will come to it later on.

"Remember that children resort to complaints as a means of drawing attention to themselves. Don't force them to do this. Notice their good behavior. Don't pay too much attention to their misbehavior. Don't exaggerate the importance of any little hurt, like a pinched finger. Be sympathetic, of course; but don't make a mountain out of every little mole-hill.

"Try to have children feel that they are making good in some way. They are sure to be and to do *something* which you can commend. Show them that you notice whatever they do well; and encourage them to try to do other things. Keep a sensible balance between praise and criticism. Don't give them too much of either. Make them have enough of the confidence in themselves which gives them the courage to go on.

"We ought to go more slowly and quietly; not get so excited over their small failures and successes. Keep yourself and them on an even keel; I think that is the secret of the whole matter."

# Northwestern Farmers in Business

Condensed from The Review of Reviews (May '26)

Charles W. Holman

**W**HILE the farmers of the Northwest have been in the depths of economic depression during the past four years they have started in motion their own self-help machinery. What they have done is a noteworthy and dramatic contribution to the story of the Northwest's come-back.

Cooperative marketing of livestock began on a small scale at Litchfield, Minn., in 1908. The success of the association led to the formation of several hundred similar ones. These organizations, however, were competing with each other, and in 1920 they formed a central cooperative commission house of their own in South St. Paul. Its voting membership consists of local cooperative shipping associations, which now number 670. The association is now selling the product of approximately 100,000 livestock producers in Minnesota, Wisconsin, the Dakotas, and Montana. Last year it handled 987,075 head of hogs, 135,847 head of cattle, 175,040 head of calves, and 70,115 head of sheep. Its gross sales totalled \$34,346,912. This was approximately one-fourth of the entire business done on the South St. Paul market. Its commission charges to members averaged one-fourth less than that charged by the private commission houses, and in addition, last year, after paying all operating expenses, the association had a net income of \$113,500.

The Northwest now has a regional agency to market its cheese. The Wisconsin Cheese Producers' Federation had its small beginnings 13 years ago. At that time the private dealers were taking from 6 to 12½ cents out of every dollar's worth of cheese bought from the farmer. The Chicago packers were purchasing about 80 per cent of the entire supply of

the State. Prices were controlled by the cheese buyers. Under the leadership of the late State Senator Henry Krumrey, of Sheboygan County, a few hundred banded together for the cooperative sale of their cheese. The plan used was for the farmers around each local cheese factory to form into a local association; the associations, in turn, were members of the Federation. An assembling plant for the grading and storing of the cheese was built, and a special stock company was formed to finance it. In time the Federation bought this \$25,000 plant out of undivided profits.

The Federation rigidly inspected every pound of cheese handled, and guaranteed its quality and grade. In 1914 the Federation sold over 6,000,000 pounds of cheese; last year it sold nearly 29,000,000 pounds. In no year have its costs exceeded 3.43 for each dollar's worth of cheese handled. At the end of 1925 the Federation had \$53,000 in undivided profits. It was operating five district warehouses in Wisconsin and two in Minnesota. It had more than 200 associations in its membership, and was selling cheese in 37 States.

The Twin City Milk Producers' Association, formed in 1916, embraced farmers within the 40-mile zone around Minneapolis and St. Paul. It had for its object the ownership of the country milk plants supplying Minneapolis and St. Paul, and the installation of wholesale distributing facilities in the Twin Cities. The association now owns 15 efficient plants, and last year did a business of \$7,500,000 for its 6500 members. Each year the association has successfully marketed an increasing amount of milk above the requirements of the Twin Cities. Last year this surplus

amounted to 276,000,000 pounds, which was made into cheese, butter, skimmed milk, casein ice-cream and condensed milk.

Other successful cooperative fluid milk associations are located at Milwaukee, and at the twin ports of Duluth and Superior.

In the past five years butter producers of the Northwest have formed a great cooperative marketing association. This was the outgrowth of an older movement which had created 650 cooperative creameries in Minnesota, 250 in Wisconsin, and 150 in Iowa, all situated in a territory which might easily be served by a central association.

For years these cooperative creameries had been competing not only with the great centralizers, but with each other. The federation idea took root in 1921, and several hundred creameries became members. The first step was to divide the creameries into districts, place a butter inspector in charge of each district, and begin educational work for a fairly uniform high-quality butter.

Toward the end of the third year the creameries were ready to begin cooperative selling through the association. One large warehouse was leased in St. Paul and another in Duluth. An expert butter salesman was employed and arrangements were made for the Federal Government inspector to weigh, inspect, and grade every churning of butter shipped by the creameries.

Last year the association marketed 32,000,000 pounds of butter. This butter came from 425 creameries in Minnesota, 19 in Wisconsin, and 1 in North Dakota. This huge business was done at an average cost of 2.37 cents per pound of butter, which included freight and handling charges to distant markets. All butter is handled on a pooling contract. The pools close each month, and each creamery receives the same price as every other creamery during that

month for its butter of equal grade after allowance has been made for freight differentials. Recently the association adopted the name of "Land O'Lakes Creameries, Inc.," a step toward obliterating State lines in cooperative organization.

Marketing farmyard eggs cooperatively is a difficult undertaking, but 22,000 Northwestern farmers have done it to their own satisfaction. They are banded into 16 district locals headed by the Minnesota Cooperative Egg and Poultry Exchange. This exchange came into existence as a result of the efforts of A. J. McPheeters, formerly county agent of Rice County and now manager of the organization. Mr. McPheeters and his farmer friends believed that the old system of handling eggs and poultry, whereby the farmer would take his eggs to the country grocery and exchange them for merchandise, or would sell his produce to the private poultry dealer, was wasteful and antiquated, and that the price returns to farmers were considerably less than they could otherwise obtain.

Each association operates its collection service and eggs are collected twice a week. Every egg is carefully graded and every fowl brought into the dressing plants is carefully inspected. Last year the average deduction from gross sales made by the exchange in settling with local associations was 4 cents per dozen of eggs, of which approximately 3 cents was for freight, and 1 cent for selling and administration costs. The total turnover of the exchange in 1925 was about \$3,750,000. The success of the exchange has moved producers in 12 States to send delegations to the Twin Cities to study its work.

These individual stories summarize the achievements of representative cooperatives in the Northwest, whose membership aggregates over 200,000 farm families. Not one of these organizations is confined to State lines, and each is quietly expanding in volume of business and in service.

# Intelligentsiana

Excerpts from McNaught's Monthly

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*Intelligentsiana is a regular department of McNaught's Monthly, showing up humorously the grotesque sayings of the ultra-sophisticated. In the March issue of Scribner's Magazine, Professor William Lyon Phelps praised this interesting feature in McNaught's.*

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Wonderful demonstration of sequential reasoning, being a typical paragraph from the very latest thing in sophisticated literature, *Soluble Fish*, a novel of the school of "super-realism," by Andre Breton. American sophisticates, please note. You'll want to be writing like this before the apple trees bloom:

A woman sings at the window of the chateau of the 14th century. In her dreams are black walnuts. I do not know why the ghost has so much fine weather about him. The night has come all of a sudden, like a great rose-window of flowers, revolved about our heads.

Classical reiteration, carried to artistic perfection by James Marlow, in a very arty story in the *Guardian*, a literary magazine emanating from Philadelphia:

Blackness and little yellow moons showed blackness and darkness and little yellow moons. Darkness was there. Darkness was good. It was sweet and good. It was like her—black. It was black and good. It was soft. It covered—her, all over, everything: her, her fat, her fat.

Characteristic extracts from a new book by James Bryce, who having

reached the top of the Olympus of Sophistication, has begun climbing into the clouds, thus promoting acute eyestrain among the Young Intellectuals who strive to follow him:

That done, a dawd of smut to her airy ey, and she sent her boudeloire maid to His Affluence with respects from his missus, scepy and sewery, and a request she might leave him for a minnikin.

Sweet umptyum and nobody fainted. But in whelk of her mouths? Was her naze alight? Everyone that saw her said the dowse little delia looked a bit queer. Lotsy trotzy, mind the poddle.

Nooknoorum nyroo! Nooknoorum nyroo! He erved his lille Bunbath hard, our staly bred, the trader. He did. Look at here.

Ah, but she was the queer old skeowsha anyhow, Anna Livia, twinkletoes And sure he was the queer old buntz too, Dear Dirty Dumpling, foosther father. of fin-galls and dotthergills.

The *Dial*, handing E. E. Cummings the \$2000 *Dial* Award for 1925, ecstatically proclaims that his poetry has "the dangerous beauty of glare ice." Skate rapidly over this gem of glare ice, from one of Mr. Cummings's poems in the current *Dial*:

but if i should say  
goodmorning trouble adds  
up all sorts of quickly  
things on the slate of that  
nigger's  
face (but

If i should say thankyouverymuch

mr rosenbloom picks stawberries  
with beringed hands) but if

i Should say solong my  
tailor chuckles

like a woman in a dream (but if i  
should say  
Now the all saucers  
but cups if begin to spoons dance  
every-

should where say over the damned  
table and we  
hold lips Eyes everything  
hands you know what happens)  
but if i should,  
Say,

Arty verse needs arty reviewing.  
Thus the *Dial* reviews the aforementioned  
poetry of Mr. Cummings in  
soulful prose, including this:

There is in these poems, a touch  
of love perceived in allusions to un-  
conscious things—horses' ears and  
mice's meals. Also, there is a more  
egotistic and less kind emotion  
which has the look of being in its  
author's eyes, his most certain self.  
One wishes that it weren't. Love  
is terrible—even in the East where  
the Prince who wished to find a  
perfectly beautiful woman, com-  
missioned the Arabs rather than  
the nobility to find the girl, con-  
vinced that "the quickest and best  
judges of a man or a woman are  
the very same persons who are the  
best judges of a horse or a cow."

Terrible plight of a superior Bos-  
tonese named Charles Angoff, who  
tells about it in the *American Mer-  
cury*:

But what is most depressing about  
the town is its complete lack of what  
might be called a civilized minor-  
ity. In New York one can find an  
intelligent person once in a while—  
if one looks hard enough. But in  
Boston—non est.

Another Bostonian, signing himself  
"Gobbo," consigns his town to the

bow-wows and adduces evidence to  
prove its spiritual decay, in these  
blithe sentences in the *New Republic*:

Boston is like Harvard College 20  
years from now. It is living on a  
reputation that is gone. That it  
endures at all is a miracle. . . . Gen-  
tlemen walking down to their offices  
no longer wear sticks. It even  
arouses comment in the parks on a  
Sunday. That is, perhaps, an ex-  
planation of the Boston clothes.  
There is a danger of dressing too  
well in Boston.

Something awful is happening out  
in California. Walter Beran Wolfe  
has written a poem about it in the  
*Double Dealer*:

crisp bluewhite streamers  
incise  
the black smoothness of night  
with unbending cold paradigms;  
the venerable connotations of  
mythology  
are analysed  
into incredibly brief theorems  
when searchlights  
reduce the infinite soft night  
to the implicit cosines  
of stars.

Brilliant recital of preliminary cir-  
cumstances in a rousing work of  
fiction entitled ". . . clifford An Anony-  
mous Manuscript," in the *Little Liter-  
ary Review*:

A voice that whispered in horse  
races, with mad cap leading the  
field, coming frantically down the  
last stretch of the imagination. try  
as he would, he could not drown  
two at sea. something seemed amiss  
johnson called upon him to give  
until it hurts, oh, he had been hurt,  
but today he was no longer than  
yesterday. all seemed different.  
what vibrance and, withal, with  
what vibrant mellowness (having  
been aged in the wood) had, on that  
first night, that voice rung down  
the curtain, thrilling each red rosy  
apple to the core.



# The Night Clubs of New York

Condensed from *Vanity Fair* (May '26)

By a Night Club Proprietor

**F**IVE men are gathered round a table in one of New York's night clubs.

One of them says to his companions: "Look here, we've been coming to this place every night for two weeks. We spend, on the average, \$100 a night here. Why don't we open one of these places ourselves? Everybody is doing it. We'll save the money we spend here, and possibly make a little besides. It will only take about \$10,000—with five of us that means \$2000 apiece. Why, we'd lose that in craps in a single night."

And so, another night club is born in New York. Two of the five men are well-known gamblers, the others are wholesale bootleggers. Two thousand apiece means little to them. The number of New York night clubs born in exactly this way is really amazing; money is so easy on Broadway.

One can order a night club like an overcoat. All that is needed is an empty loft over a garage, a deserted brown-stone house, or a fairly dry cellar. The club can be ready, decorations and all, inside of a month. The actual outlay in cash is slight, but the hazard, if the club intends to sell liquor, is excessive. The Cameo Club, for instance, was recently padlocked exactly three weeks after it had first opened its doors.

To show how little cash is needed in such an enterprise, consider these facts: The coatroom, washroom and cigarette privileges can be sold, to a concessionaire, for a year's rent. Most of the clubs also sell their kitchen privileges. The kitchen concessionaire will put in your kitchen fittings, food, and kitchen help for from half to two-thirds of the food checks. The remainder, going to the

house, will pay the waiters' salaries, cleaning, etc. The cover charge is rationed to pay for the entertainment and band. And the profit—if there is any—comes out of the sale of bottled water, which profit the owners reserve for themselves. As a quart of such water can be purchased for 16 cents, and is usually sold for \$2, the profit can mount handsomely. Of course, if a club wants to go in for selling liquor, the profit soars accordingly. But that is another matter entirely.

If a successful club owns its kitchen, the profit is given another boost, for only the simplest sort of food is served these days. A portion of chow mein or chop suey, composed of cheap vegetables and a little chicken, costing not over 20 cents a plate, service and all, brings as much as \$2.50. A club sandwich is sold for \$1, and costs about a dime. Scrambled eggs and bacon, costing 35 cents, bring \$1.50. These are the favorite dishes of the supper club of today.

Food today is bad and that for three reasons. First, the owners are not really restaurateurs at all, and know nothing of the business. Second, the kitchen is rented to a concessionaire, who naturally hires the cheapest help and buys the most ordinary food in order to keep expenses down. Third, the patrons themselves are satisfied with inferior (or, at least, very simple) food. When they go to cabarets nowadays, they go to be amused.

When a night club is opened today, the owners, if they are wise, do not fail to engage as many "draws" as they can. The entertainers, band, head waiter and hostesses, if the cabaret employs them, are all care-

fully chosen for their following. Years ago, chorus girls who "doubled" from their musical revues were glad to earn \$35 a week for appearing at an after-theater show in a cabaret. Today, they want from \$65 to \$100. And \$3000 a week is getting to be quite a common sum to pay star cabaret entertainers.

Charlot's Rendezvous paid that much to Jack Buchanan, Beatrice Lillie and Gertrude Lawrence, the stars of Charlot's Revue. The Mirador, another successful place, did as well by Moss and Fontanna, its sensational team of dancers. Fred and Adele Astaire received that sum when they danced at the Trocadero. Maurice and Hughes would have been insulted by an offer of less than \$3000. Other entertainers receiving sums in the thousands are Mary Hay and Clifton Webb, who danced at Ciro's, Florence Mills, at the Plantation, and Van and Schenk at the Parody. Lew Leslie, for staging the Plantation show, gets 25 per cent of a \$3 cover charge.

An indifferent "blues" singer making \$300 a week in a musical comedy, gets as much as \$600 in a cabaret, and her name in electric lights.

Besides all this, it is now necessary for a proprietor to guarantee his star for a five or ten weeks' engagement, by contract, often before her first appearance. If the entertainer is a "flop" the proprietor is out that much money, for he must pay in full in order to get rid of the entertainer. One mediocre musical comedy star has appeared in five different cabarets during the last season, lasting only a week in each, and yet has been able to collect a full season's salary, having had contracts in each case for from five to ten weeks.

The band is another feature that keeps the cover charges up. The old-time band, usually five pieces, received from \$300 to \$500 weekly in the smartest New York supper clubs. Today, a six-piece band receives from \$1600 to \$2200 weekly. Bands like

Ted Lewis', Eddie Elkins', Roger Kahn's, Vincent Lopez's and Ben Bernie's receive between \$2200 and \$3500 a week. All besides the entertainment, mind you.

Another "draw" for a supper club is the head waiter, if he has a following. Borgo, now at the Mirador, and Charlie Journal, were both guaranteed \$500 a week for ten weeks. Louis Cantone, once at Ciro's, and Jean of the Lido were never paid less than \$300. These men are personalities, and are as important as the band or entertainment; often more so, for it is they who build up the clientele of the club. Their patrons will follow them all over the city.

Certain cabarets also use hostesses, who are engaged for their good-looks and their following. These girls sit and dance with unescorted men, or parties lacking woman, and it is their business to "mount the check," as well as to make the patrons feel satisfied and willing to return. For this the hostess is paid \$25 a week. She gets, besides, a percentage of the cover charges, and ten per cent of the bill for "tonic beverages." As a successful business man will often tip a girl \$10 for dancing with him, hostesses sometimes earn from \$150 a week (their average earnings) to \$400.

Hostesses, of course, are frowned upon in our best supper clubs. These clubs make money by maintaining their atmosphere of exclusiveness, and by catering to a more or less fashionable class of people.

How much clubs sometimes earn may be judged by the fact that one club, in a season lasting eight months, actually made \$90,000. During 1920 and 1921, before the great influx of clubs, a fairly successful cabaret, seating about 400 people, would earn from \$50,000 to \$65,000 in a season. Today, a cabaret is content with a profit of \$25,000, though some of the very successful ones get as high as \$75,000.

# How Mary Pickford Stays Young

Condensed from Everybody's Magazine (May 26)

An Interview with Mary Pickford, by Athene Farnsworth

**I**N Mary Pickford's favorite story lies the secret of how she retains, at 33, the looks and charm and enthusiasm of a girl in her teens. She recounted the tale of the young girl who was just 17 on the day her lover was coming to marry her. She dressed herself for the gala occasion and was happy as a lark. News came that her lover was dead. The shock unbalanced her, but, instead of grieving, she remembered but one thing each morning when she awoke: "This is the festive day, and I must be happy and beautiful for the coming of my lover!" The poor girl lived on for nearly half a century, but they tell us that she continued to look practically the same youthful-bride-to-be as on the fateful day. The years had left no mark.

"The story has always interested me," Mary explained. "Of course, it relates a pitiful tragedy; but if happiness and anticipation can accomplish such a miracle in an abnormal case, surely there is food for thought for the normal individual."

Mary Pickford convincingly asserts that you need grow old no sooner than you wish if you preserve the right mental attitude. "It is not the flight of years that makes one old," she said, "but the counting of birthdays and the worrying that accompanies each year." And in support of her theory is Mary Pickford herself, who can pass for a child of 12 with naturalness and ease, though her own childhood was cut short by the necessity of supporting a family. In and out of costume—as hostess, as leader in Hollywood activities, and "on the set"—under all conditions, she is the personification of charming youth.

She admitted her distaste for mature roles, and told me why. "I was

forced to live far beyond my years when just a child, now I have reversed the order, and I intend to remain young indefinitely. This would be more difficult if I were to spend my days interpreting the complicated and emotional reactions of older women. I am a firm believer in the 'mental age'."

Mary believes that our understanding of the influence of mind over matter is still practically in embryo. Even so, her own personal experience leads her to believe that one may attain just the age one desires if one holds fast to that idea. "Of course, you have to make allowances for inheritance and racial characteristics," she conceded, "yet, the results one might obtain can scarcely be estimated if living and thinking are planned accordingly."

Mary Pickford is not in sympathy with the theory of "beautiful but dumb." She claims that one who is dumb may be beautiful for a time, or may seem beautiful to some people, but if mentality is lacking, it will soon show in the features, and the charm of attractive externals will be fleeting indeed. She believes that attitude of mind is one of the most powerful factors in the molding of beauty. As she puts it: "We hear romancers speak of the Fountain of Youth. To my mind, this fountain was not essentially a physical draught, but more likely, the cultivation and acquisition of a state of mind."

"Think youth, act youth, feel youth, and you are youth!" Mary's eyes sparkled in her enthusiasm, and if the proof of the pudding is in the eating, Mary gives a remarkable demonstration.

"I believe that thinking influences expression, coloring, even the contours

of your face and form," she continued. "I know because I've tried it. And I have observed the results of mental attitudes in people about me for a good many years.

"To a far greater extent than we realize, we are our own sculptors. Who can deny that passions and unkind thoughts show in the lines and expressions of our faces? Yes, and in our figures. Drooping shoulders are not an evidence of happiness and enthusiasm. Nervous mannerisms betray mental disturbances. These are all forerunners of age."

There is nothing more tragic than the sight of an old, old young person, nor anything more interesting and inspiring than an old person who looks 20 years younger than his birthdays, and who can still be the life of the party. The former is usually cynical, sophisticated, hard; the latter, mellowed, understanding, enthusiastic—one who can still smile both with and at life.

Mary continued her analysis. "Crying over spilt milk and crossing one's bridges before getting to them are two of the most active allies of old age, and both so unnecessary. I have found that young people seldom have either of these vices until they start getting old, so I love to be with them.

"I'd advise any one who hopes for youth for many years to come, to have constant association with young people. Cultivate their enthusiasm and freshness of point of view, then you'll be young though 90. Then indeed, if you have kept up the physical side, you are a conqueror!"

An interesting sidelight on Mary is her avoidance of any disagreeable criticism. She even has her mail censored with that in view. This little philosopher insists that, as far as possible, we should all avoid bitterness and its accompanying reactions, both physical and mental.

"Appreciation and gratitude keep our natures soft—that is, pliable and optimistic," she explained. "We are hap-

py, so our steps become buoyant, our heads go up and our shoulders back—age slips away. There is no obstacle which cannot be overcome, and this impression and feeling of youth and power in one's self will create the impression in others. Healthy thoughts build healthy bodies, and I have little sympathy for the individual who blames someone else, or Fortune, for difficulties that arise.

"I have found that it is the spirit that counts, and that fun can be had wherever you are. I had to learn that when a wee tot, and I found that there was quite as much fun in walking when I couldn't afford a car, or, for that matter, a bus fare, and that there was a great deal more health.

"Some people find work drudgery because they do not know how to save themselves, how to make the most of the few moments of leisure. I have always had a mental refuge. I created one in my imagination in the days when my surroundings were bleak walls. That is the difficulty—we don't make the most of our minds, and we let externals prey upon us until things material have us at their mercy."

Mary is so realistic in her efforts to act and understand as a child would act and understand, that invariably children themselves accept her as one of them. Her little niece has never called her "Aunt," always just "Mary," thinking that she is near her own age.

Mary is probably the most talked of woman in the world, has made a fortune through her own efforts, works from 8 to 18 hours a day—and yet with it all, has lost none of her youthful charm, her enthusiasm, and her sympathetic understanding. Her heart and life are bound up in the interests of youth, and as long as such is the case, she believes that youth will be hers.

"Think youth, and you will be young. Love life, and life will love you."

# My Rope and Gum For A Democratic Issue

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post (May 1, '26)

Will Rogers

I HAVE just swung in off a Round-up of the entire United States and Florida. It called for quite a bit of speculation as to just what the trip was made for. Most big concerns send out men to make practical demonstrations of their various commodities and most people thought I was demonstrating So-and-So's Chewing Gum.

You notice I didn't mention any name in there. That's because nobody made it worth while to mention any particular name. They never thought this article would ever get anywhere. I could have put some Firm's name up there where I said So-and-So's just as well as not. Well, all I can say is that they lost a chance of getting their name in a thriving and growing periodical.

I will tell you why I made that trip: I wanted to find a campaign issue for the Democratic Party. Why, you ask? I belong to neither party politically. Both parties have their good and bad times, only they have them at different times. They are each good when they are out, and each bad when they are in. But I did it out of pure sportsmanship, just for the sake of a real race.

After all, what is the greatest sporting event we have in America? Why, our national election—that is, it used to be. But for the last few years the thing has been so one-sided that you can't even get an audience to watch it. Now what has caused this situation to arise? Why, an issue, of course; so that is why I took it upon myself to go out and see if I couldn't dig one up. If I could have found an issue I would have gone

down in the sporting annals of American History. People would have held meetings again. I wouldn't be surprised if they would have buttons with pictures on them again. New York would get back to its old habit of voting at just as many precincts as you would haul them to.

Why, the last few elections people haven't even taken interest enough to vote once, much less all day. If I could have unearthed an issue, think what would have happened even in the White House. Instead of Mr. Coolidge pressing an electric button opening the Prune Preservers Political Powwow at Fresno, California, he would have been there opening it personally, and telling them what he would do if reelected for that great wrinkled industry, and how he had never eaten a grapefruit for breakfast in his life. Instead of reading his speech over the radio and saying good night, he would be out there on the platform saying good night personally, while wiping perspiration with one hand, shaking the hand of a colored voter with the other and kissing a female district leader's baby, all simultaneously and at once.

A race—that is what we want again. We don't want to be compelled just to bet on the size of the majority; we want to bet on which one will win.

I could fight Jack Dempsey and you could bet on it. Of course, you wouldn't bet on who would win, but you would bet on how many feet out of the ring he would knock me, or how long it would take me to come to. I wanted to get politics back on a competitive basis.



There is no use in the Democrats meeting every four years and just drafting a victim. What they want to start doing again is to nominate an Opponent. In some competitive events it is still an honor, and you are also the recipient of considerable cash, to finish second in a race, but politics is not listed among these games. I wanted to bring elections back where they occupied almost as much importance as the World's Series or the Champion Horseshoe Pitching Contest.

I hit out through New England first. I thought to myself, the best way to find out your opponent is to go among his own people and see if you can't kick over an old skeleton somewhere. I tried to smoke 'em out about Calvin, but "they reckoned as how Calvin was about as economical as you could get 'em, and that was about the only issue there is in Politics."

And come to think about it they were pretty near right. I kicked myself because the Democrats hadn't thought of this economy stuff first. They had been running on it for years, but it was under the title of Lower Taxes. But people had got so used to it that they didn't take it as a platform any more. But they had never thought of changing it and calling it economy. You know a title means an awful lot nowadays.

Next, I went to Boston. But I wasn't smart enough to understand anything there. All I could hear was Mayflower and traditions. I wanted to get in to talk to the Boston Transcript because I had never heard of them being in doubt about anything.

But the office boy said, "What year?"

I said, "What year? What do you mean—what year?"

He replied, "Why, what year did you come out of Harvard?"

So I lit for Indiana. If there is a place in the world where a man ought to get a political tip, it's in

Indiana. Children in Indiana are born in voting booths and are weaned on ballots. I hunted up Will Hays. He happened to be at his home. He had just received his week's pay. He was counting thousand-dollar bills and reviewing Hollywood's latest children's matinee production called *More Naked Than Sinned Against*.

I asked him what chance the Democrats have in the next presidential election. He started laughing and made a note on the back of a fifty-thousand-dollar certified Adolph Zukor draft, and then replied, "Thanks, Will; I was just making a note of that remark of yours. It'll make a great title for a comedy."

I asked, "What will be the Democratic issue?" He threw away a torn bill and replied, "Why, are they going to have one?"

Then I stepped over into Illinois and tried Mr. Lowden. He had always appealed to me as being a smart man, as I had seen him refuse the Vice Presidency. He had always been more or less interested in the farmer, and has watched them through all their foreclosures:

I said to him, "Mr. Lowden, I know it's not your party, but what can the Democrats possibly use as an alibi for a race in '28?"

He said, "Well, it did look like Relief for the Farmer was their one best bet for a few minutes, but Coolidge guessed it as quick as they did and he rushed out to Chicago and spoke to the farmers, not over the radio, but personally. Serious cases require serious remedies. He told them he knew they were not satisfied with conditions, but neither was he. Well, that seemed to soothe them back to their mortgages."

So I moved on to Washington. There is really only one person in Washington you want to go to if you want political information. And I

felt fortunate in having that one as my friend.

I said, "Alice, do you think Nick would know some possible issue for use in the forthcoming Presidential Handicap?"

"Not if I don't, he wouldn't," came the apt retort.

"But, Alice, the election is two years off. Is there any chance of anything showing up in the meantime?" I asked.

She says, "That's our business—to see that nothing shows up. I won't even allow Nick to change his tie for fear he will make a mistake and the color scheme will offend someone. Even Mr. Coolidge is coached so he won't commit himself to say either yes or no. His reply is, 'I will take it under advisement'."

"Now, Alice, would you mind telling me this: In case Mr. Coolidge should decide he don't want to hold this office for life, do you think Nick would be the boy to step in there. You know that's what they all say—that he has ambition to have the secret-service men guarding him."

"Well, I can't tell you what he will do. I haven't made up his mind yet. Paulina is hardly old enough yet to enjoy the social advantages of the White House that she would a few years later. Nick is young and we are just building now."

Just as I was taking my leave, why, I found that Senator Borah was next in the conference line. I said, "Hello, Senator! How is the world?"

"Rotten," he replied, without even rising to a point of order.

I went over to the Capitol, and run right smack into Congressman Upshaw, of Georgia, suh. He was just emerging from that hive of iniquity.

"Mr. Upshaw, I can't find a board for the Democrats to make a platform out of. What do you think will be their ultimate underpinning?"

"Why, we got but one issue; it's the only issue before the country today. It's not only a plank, it's our Gibraltar. We must beat the booze-soaked Republicans and come out flat-footed and pigeon-toed on Prohibition. That's the biggest issue since Remember the Maine."

"But, Mr. Upshaw, we already have that."

"Well, I'm in favor of making it stronger. I want another amendment to read as follows: 'If anybody is caught thinking about drinking, it's a misdemeanor.' And if we can't keep 'em sober on this half of one per cent law, why, let's cut the percentage down. I am for making the amendment read 'An eighth of a quarter of one per cent.' We can beat 'em on that. Show them that America is still composed of decent people. Yes, sir, Prohibition is not only our issue but will always be our issue."

Well, we certainly all appreciate Mr. Upshaw's sincerity in this matter, and the funny thing about it is that he has got it about right, at that.

I was getting desperate by then, when somebody advised me to go to Florida, because they said if you have lost anything or anybody and you don't know where they are, why, they are in Florida. So I went down there. My train was right on time to the minute, 24 hours late into Jacksonville. Then we started South. We pulled out a little ways and the train stopped. I asked a brakeman what the delay was. He said we were waiting for the conductor.

"Where is the conductor?"

"He took a party out to see a subdivision he is interested in. They will be back in a little while if they don't have trouble with the boat."

While we were waiting the engineer passed literature through the train advertising Headlight Shores and Throttle Terraces. The fireman seemed sort of out of place among all this activity. All he had to offer was some resales on Coral Stables. The news butcher was selling blue

prints. I asked him for a morning paper.

"Where you from, mister, Oklahoma? Say, I ain't sold a newspaper since Carl Fisher manufactured his first island. But here is a map of Parcel 23 that we are opening Thursday at 3.15 P. M. at Boco Raccoon. It will be all gone by 3.23. We stop the train and show it to you. Put on your old clothes and go along. Henry Ford, Al Smith, Peggy Joyce, John Roach Straton and Vincent Astor have all just started building."

We reached Miami that same month. I went to see Mayor Ed Romph. I had heard he was a live Bird, and I asked him, "Ed, are the Democrats doing anything down here?"

"Democrats? Democrats? I haven't heard of that company around here. Maybe they are operating on the West Coast. There is an awful lot of cheap developing going on over there."

I then made for Carl Fisher at Miami Beach. I said, "Mr. Fisher, you are a smart man. You knew when to leave Indiana. Can you tell me just how the Democrats stand down here, and what chances they have for the future?"

"Well, we won't sell to them over here at all. We got to be awful careful here. We have to protect our original purchasers. No, they haven't much chance around here. Some places may let the Democrats in, but we are not bothered with 'em much here."

Well, I got disgusted; but I thought I would stop at Tallahassee and see Governor Martin. I got there just in time. He was just selling the last lot on the Capitol grounds. Some New Yorker had already bought the Senate Chamber for a Night Club.

"Governor," I said, "I have come from California and I can't find anything out there in the way of a Democratic Issue. I thought I would come to you."

"California! California! G-r-r-r!" And he seemed to go mad and started chewing a corner stone. "California! Our grapefruit is ten times as sweet as theirs. California! Bah! Bah! They make me sick."

A Seminole Indian led me away and apologized for the Governor's conduct. He said I just happened to approach the Governor wrong; that if I hadn't mentioned California perhaps the Governor would have answered me civilly, and perhaps sold me the Governor's office in the Capitol.

I asked this Indian how is it that he was not selling lots in Florida, being a native and knowing the country and its possibilities. He said, "I am an Indian—I have a conscience."

I left that state and hit for Alabama. They told me there was no use stopping in Georgia, as I had just left Georgia in Florida. There is nobody left in Atlanta but a watchman, who forwards the mail.

I hunted up Bill Brandon, Governor of Alabama, and asked him what is the probable issue. He threw back his shoulders and threw his chest out and broadcast the following: "Alabama Votes 24 Votes for Oscar W. Underwood."

Well, I took a last chance and headed for Austin, Texas. I knocked at the Mansion door and asked, "Is the Governor in?"

"They are," replied the Maid as I went in and met all of them. It seemed that the Governorship was a kind of family affair. They have two more terms to go, as they have two daughters.

I asked Mrs. Ferguson, "Can you tell me what the Democrats have agreed on as an issue in Texas for the forthcoming Republican festivities?"

"The Democrats never agreed on anything in Texas. That's why they are Democrats; if they could agree with each other they would be Republicans."

**THE WISDOM OF LIVING** (p. 52). By Fred C. Kelly, Author of *Human Nature in Business*, *The Psychology of Selling*, etc. Doubleday, Page & Company, N. Y. The author tells his readers that the little you learn over all phases of human conduct and general character, the little material which is woven into humorous, satirical, and practical, and occasionally humorous essays. The collection includes: *The Wisdom of Living*, *The Question of Living*, *Good as an Art of Better*, *Love and Allied Topics*, *Joy of Being Alive*, *The Pleasure of Being Stung*, *Taking the Adventure of Living*, *Life and Chance*, *Effort and Resistance*.

**OUR TIMES: THE STORY OF THE CENTURY** (p. 57). By Mark Sullivan. Charles Scribner's Sons, 222 pages, 25 illustrations. \$2.50. A journalist's greatest survey of American politics and social life in the opening years of the 20th Century. It makes better reading than most novels. Albert J. Beveridge comments on the book: "I cannot say too much of this worth-while volume. Nobody who wishes to know what has happened in America during the last 20 years can afford to be without it."

**DOLLARS ONLY** (p. 58). By Edward W. Bok. Charles Scribner's Sons, 1920. Material success versus content—by a man who has achieved both. Mr. Bok discusses the pursuit of dollars and the emphasis on the ONLY. Here are some of the provocative chapters titled: *When Money is King and Business Our God*, *When a Man's Worth Something*, *Yes, Money Counts* and *In Business, Too, What Else Did Father Do?*

**JOSEPH FORT NEWTON** (p. 122) is now Rector of the Memorial Church of St. Paul's, Overlook.

**THINGS THAT HAVE INTERESTED ME: Third Series** (p. 122). By Arnold Bennett. George H. Doran Company, N. Y. Whether Mr. Bennett writes of literature, a performance of the opera, of the habits of Frenchmen or the vicissitudes of friendship, or whether he propounds some universal philosophy, this great reporter and novelist is always sparkling, always funny.

**CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND** (p. 67) began his writing career as a contributor to the *Detroit News*, of which he later became Sunday editor. He was subsequently editor of *The American* for eight years. His "Catty Attires" and "Mark Tild" stories for boys are well known. Other popular Kelland books are *Madison Jim*, *Contraband*, and *The Whistling Boat*.

**CHARLES C. NOTT** (p. 68), Judge of the Court of General Sessions, New York City, has been engaged in the administration of justice for 23 years.

**CHARLES EDWARD WILSON** (p. 70) is a journalist, lecturer, author of many important books, and citizen of the U. S. A. Member of Special Diplomatic Mission that we sent to Russia in 1917; representative to Great Britain for United States Commission on Public Information; member of the President's Industrial Commission.

**HECTOR C. BYWATER** (p. 80), born in America, has lived for many years in England, where he is recognized as an expert on naval affairs. Ships are his hobby and he is credited with a story for remembering the rig and tonnage of every vessel since the Ark. Mr. Bywater is best known in this country as the author of the recently published novel, *The Great British War* (Houghton Mifflin Co.).

**IRVING FISHER** (p. 82) is professor of political economy in Yale University and noted publicist.

**JOHN T. FLYNN** (p. 84) was managing editor of the *New York Globe* before it was extinguished by the late Mr. Hearst, and now he writes a daily syndicated article for a large circle of newspapers.

**FRANK E. HEST** (p. 86) is author of *The Great Game of Politics* and has been with the *Baltimore Sun* (of which he is vice-president) for over 25 years.

**M. C. OTTO** (p. 88) is one of the editors of the *American Review* and is also professor of philosophy at the University of Wisconsin. He is author of *Things and Ideas*, published by Henry Holt and Company.

**DR. FRANKWOOD WILLIAMS** (p. 115) has devoted the past 14 years to the study of psychiatry, and is now Medical Director of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene.

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(May 1923—April 1924)

will be mailed to subscribers on request

